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DIARY

Sean French

The eighth day of the eight month of the eighty-eight year of the century wasn't just mystical, it was also extraordinarily eventful. While hippies gathered at Glastonbury Tor and the Chinese frantically got married, ceasefires were announced both in Angola and in the war between Iran and Iraq; the American secretary of state narrowly avoided being blown up in Bolivia; the English cricket team was humiliated once again by the West Indies; and the two greatest middle distance runners in the history of British athletics were left out of the Olympic team; and interest rates went up again.

It was also pointed out to me that the day was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Great Train Robbery. By coincidence, in an interview in that day's *Guardian*, Alan Ayckbourn told Michael Billington that the story had given him the idea for his new play which "is about the public taste for anti-heroes. I was struck by the fact that someone has made a film about Buster Edwards with Phil Collins and that we live in a world where the great train robber is a star and the poor old driver who got hit on the head and subsequently died is forgotten."

Ten years ago as another of their shocking gestures the Sex Pistols went out to Rio de Janeiro to perform with Ronnie Biggs. They even recorded a song called "Cosh the Driver". The Pistols' lead singer, Johnny Rotten, actually refused to go, but not because of moral qualms. He simply claimed that if they were going to work with a criminal, they should choose a successful one, not a no-hoper like Biggs.

Somehow this all seems less surprising and more like a parable for our times. It was always a bit of an irony that Jack Mills, who was coshed, received £25 from British Rail and £250 from the Post Office, while his assailants became famous. And I suppose it's even more ironic that Phil Collins is receiving untold thousands to star in a film as one of his assailants. But nowadays it sounds like the sort of treatment a lowly functionary in a decaying nationalised industry ought to expect.

As for the robbers, well, good luck to them. If the English love a lord, they now also love a lag, one of the new breed of entrepreneurs engaging simply in commerce by other means.

This could be seen in the press coverage of the Howard Marks case. Marks is facing major drugs charges and it has also been suggested that his own operation is lined with the large-scale money-laundering that followed the Brinks-Mat robbery.

However, Marks was at Oxford in the late sixties and he is well connected. (He's even connected to me in a tenuous sort of way—my godfather's previous wife was previously the previous wife of Marks.) There were plenty of articles in the press testifying to his charm, handsomeness, decency, irresistibility to women. Geoffrey Wheatcroft even wrote in the *Sunday Telegraph* about not kicking a man when he's down, the sort of talk we haven't heard since Anthony Blunt was exposed.

Each age has its own subject of moral confusion. In the aftermath of the thirties it was about treason, loyalty, patriotism, communism. I suspect that for our own age it's money.

In discussing this case, the Clowes scandal and a host of others, it's as if our vocabulary for condemning cupidity has turned to ashes in our mouths. When I reviewed *Wall Street* last year I found the villain, Gordon Gekko (played by Michael Douglas) too simplistically evil to be satisfactory. I've since discovered that during screenings in America, the audiences roared their approval when Gekko made his celebrated speech about greed being good.

I'm not sure what the moral of this is, except that there's not much chance at the moment of raising finance for a film about the life of Jack Mills.

Last Monday was also the day of a rather unimportant royal event. At least I had not anticipated that the birth of a child that is fifth in line to the throne was of much significance. However, for reasons that can't entirely be explained by the shortage of news in August, the event was accompanied by the most extraordinary level of press attention.

I had hoped that there might be some respite on *Newsnight* but even they had a reporter outside the Portland hospital who passed on the rumours about the child's name. And as if that wasn't enough, who should then pre-empt the poet laureate by popping up with an ode to the new baby but my neighbour-in-print, Roger Woddis. Admittedly, he did manage a small dig about the non-national health hospital but even so, it was still rather like watching Norman Tebbit leading a rendition of the Red Flag.

The *Guardian* behaved as it always does over a story which it doesn't really approve of, but suspects might interest the sort of reader that its marketing people tell it that it ought to be trying to attract—it sends Alan Rusbridger along to write a tongue-in-cheek report that is good, but less good than no report at all would have been.

It was left to the *Independent* to treat the event with proportion. I reproduce their page two story in its entirety: "The Duchess of York gave birth to a six pound 12 oz girl in a London hospital." No atmospheric descriptions of the pavement scene outside the Portland hospital. No profile of the "royal" gynaecologist. No speculations about the name. Nothing but what happened. If an attitude like that spread, one might have to stop despairing about the British press.

I admire Elton John's resolve to get rid of his memorabilia, sweeping away his past in order to start again. It inspired me to assess the amount of my own memorabilia. I'm not much of a collector, I never buy souvenirs, and I've an attitude towards decoration that makes Mies van der Rohe look like...well, it makes him look like someone who's very keen on decoration.

Once I've eliminated books, records and things I actually use, it's a dismally short list: a scrapbook I kept of a school trip to Belgium when I was ten; a pair of book stands, one of which is in the shape of a set of cricket stumps, the other a bat and ball; three scrapbooks containing what is nearly my complete works in the form of already brittle and yellowed cuttings; a mug that I sent off for which, through some kind of technology that I don't understand, plays a song when it is lifted up; another in the shape of a lump of chocolate.

And value? Well, as experts say on the *Antiques Roadshow*, not a great deal as the market stands at the moment, but I'm sure it gives you a lot of pleasure.

Next week Sean French will be filing his diary from the Edinburgh Film Festival.

ROGER WODDIS

Peace through length

"Peace is best pursued by actions that are tough and even warlike"—Nigel Hawkes in the Observer

You cannot change the journalist
Who, while not wholly round the twist,
Relies on asininity
To prove his masculinity.

The way to put an end to war
(We should have thought of it before)
Is with a head of solid bone
And with an urge to ape Stallone.

Make sure your arrows on the maps
Are bigger than the other chap's.
Always negotiate from strength:
Safety in size, and peace through length.

Suggesting all you need is love
Is strictly for the dimwit dove.
Peace is the rightful prey of Hawkes,
Who's seen the future, and its squawks.

"Warlike" and "tough"—how brave the sound
Of morons who are muscle-bound
And shrink to raise the loving-cup,
For fear they cannot get it up.

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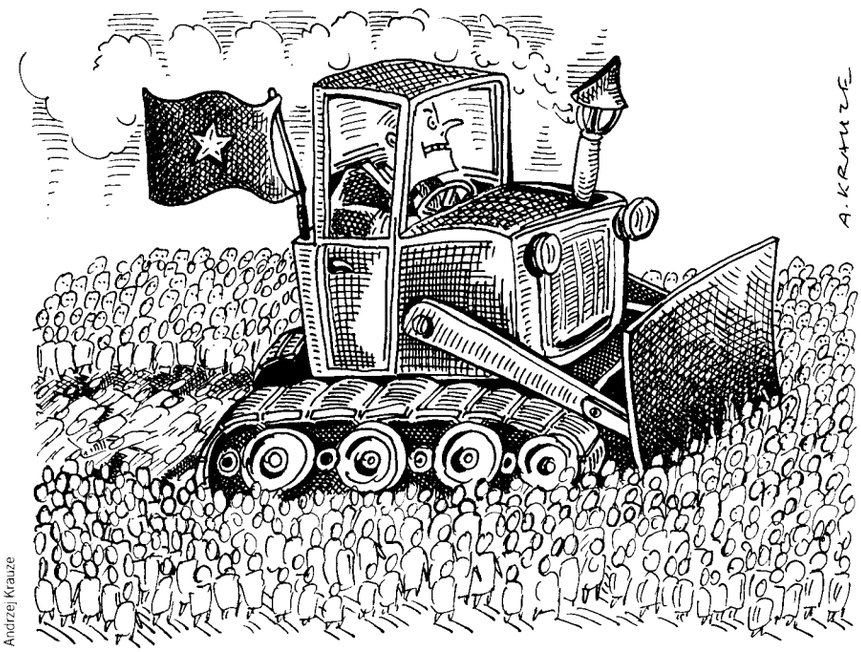
EDITORIAL

Europe's Pol Pot

Vietnam was right to invade Cambodia. What should be done about Ceausescu's Rumania?



Andrzej Krauze

Cambodia is a difficult issue for the west. Directly and covertly, the United States has supported the Khmer Rouge as a means to serve its ends: namely to punish Vietnam and favour Peking. The policy is wicked. The British government has supported it faithfully. In some respects US policy has helped the regime the Vietnamese established in Phnom Penh. For, however much they want them to leave, the Khmer people prefer the Vietnamese to Pol Pot. Following the Prime Minister's visit to Prince Sihanouk at his Cambodian border camp, a *Daily Telegraph* editorial considered "The Pol Pot problem" (9 August). In attempting to explain the situation, it stated: "The Vietnamese occupation, although entirely unacceptable, was prompted in the mid-1970s by the aggressiveness of Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge regime, which was engaged in slaughtering nearly a quarter of the population."

The words to ponder here are "entirely unacceptable". Vietnam was attacked; it offered a demilitarised border with an international peace-keeping force; Pol Pot refused this and continued his aggression; so the Vietnamese invaded. Would Britain do the same if thus prompted? Would the pusillanimous but principled *Daily Telegraph* and its notorious peacenik editor Max Hastings support the Prime Minister in any such Hanoi-style counter thrust? No. Such a response would, of course, be entirely unacceptable.

But one or two *Telegraph* readers might have paused over the rest of the argument. It is an exaggeration to claim that a quarter of the population of Cambodia was slaughtered. But the number of deaths was certainly around a million. As the Vietnamese tanks chased Pol Pot over the border to the sanctuary of the free west, the Cambodian people did not look up from their forced labour and say "This is entirely unacceptable." Instead, they broke into the stores of the hated Khmer Rouge masters and celebrated their liberation from the threat of the killing fields.

It is not fashionable to support the invasion of countries. But in this case it is pretty hard to say that the Vietnamese ought to have left the Cambodian people to their fate. It may be that the real reason for the fury the invasion caused in Washington was that it made the Americans realise that they themselves could have chucked out Pol Pot and covered themselves in glory. But the fact is that the swift overthrow of the Khmer Rouge palpably improved the lot of the Khmer people themselves in a most fundamental way.

It is important to ask, therefore, what circumstances may justify intervention. Part of the answer has to be pragmatic: success needs to be assured, which means that there must be an overwhelming superiority for the good guys. And we have to consider the consequences of a state deciding to act as a global policeman. Nevertheless, the idea of human rights implies that there are international criteria for judging societies. Such principles may sanction breaching that other principle: to respect the internal affairs of a country.

There is a particular reason to consider this question now. In September, the Ceausescu regime in Rumania will begin to bulldoze numerous villages in Transylvania. Tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of villagers, many of Hungarian extraction, will be forced from their homes. In their place, regimented cement-block housing will (someday) be provided, to modernise their lives as Rumania tosses aside the past. In his so-called "Democratic Kampuchea" Pol Pot also emptied the traditional settlements and began to construct grid-based housing for collectivised labour.

In the 1970s, the Ceausescu family dictatorship in Rumania was extensively bankrolled by the west, when its "maverick" independence from Moscow was encouraged. Now, the regime is paying back its loans completely as it seeks the chimera of independence and autonomy supposedly symbolised by being free of debt. Pol Pot too boasted of his regime's 100 per cent independence.

The hardship forced on the population of Rumania by the brutal fantasy of its leader has already led to strikes, including a huge protest last year. Popular opposition has ensured an intensification of the police state to cow the populace and break further resistance.

Hopefully, cardiac arrest, or even a military coup, will reverse the course Ceausescu has adopted for his old age. It seems more likely that a terrible catastrophe will first ensue. Surely such a thing should be prevented if it can be. And in this case, it can. The Soviets could do it themselves, but that would hardly help the cause of *perestroika*. An alternative is an intervention under the auspices of the United Nations, to surgically remove the hated leader and his nepotistic entourage.

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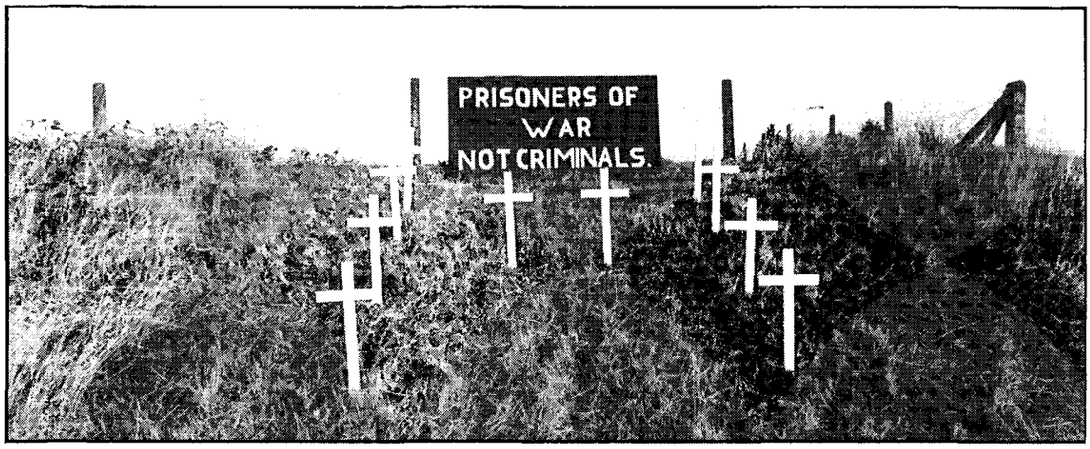

Judah Passow/Network

Internment in the 1970s led to the IRA's greatest propaganda victory: ten men dead by hunger strike

Tom King's fig leaf strategy

As republicans commemorate the 17th anniversary of the introduction of internment in Northern Ireland this week, unionists were demanding that detention without trial be restored following the resurgence of the IRA campaign in recent days.

They have their reasons. In the border constituency of the Official Unionists' security spokesperson, Ken Maginnis, no one has been charged for any of the 43 IRA murders in the past five years. And the sudden recovery of the IRA from a dramatic sequence of own goals since the Enniskillen Remembrance Day atrocity in November has left the province's lacklustre secretary of state, Tom King, as an emperor bereft of security clothes. Repeated incantations that security measures are kept "under constant review" are wearing very thin.

The government is not persuaded—at least not yet—that internment should be reintroduced. Moral arguments about the rule of law may hold little sway, but expediency does. There were 28 deaths in the first seven months of 1971 before the swoops started: in the last five there were 134 and sympathisers were queueing up to join the IRA.

The "selective" detention now being advocated would not be quite so disastrously counter-productive. But the IRA's own testimony is sufficient: after the bomb at the Tory conference in Brighton in 1984 it said that it had fully expected internment to follow a successful attack on the prime minister. It was evidently not too discomfited by the prospect.

Renewed internment would mean the government could kiss goodbye to the Anglo-Irish Agreement. The agreement may not have achieved much in nearly three years but it is Mr King's only fig leaf.

When internment was phased out in 1975, it was replaced by a policy of "criminalisation". Suspects were to be tried by the new no-jury Diplock courts. But the judge needs evidence—a difficulty which, first, inhuman interrogation methods and, later, reliance on supergrasses, sought but failed to short-circuit.

Evidence depends on intelligence and witnesses—and *that* depends on whether the North's Catholic minority trust the police and on their belief that suspects will get a fair trial.

The government has had its chances to clean up its security act. It could have used the Stalker "shoot-to-kill" inquiry to roll heads in the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Instead the unwelcome messenger was removed. It could also have responded to the pressure from Dublin and civil liberties groups for the reform of the Diplock courts. Instead it stonewalled, creating an hiatus in Anglo-Irish relations which only Enniskillen resolved.

Mr King is caught between counter-productive repression and unpalatable reform. Despite denials that there is "an acceptable level of violence" the policy of containment will continue.

After all, most of its victims, like the two elderly Protestant workmen whose van was riddled last week by the IRA or the two Catholics murdered this week by loyalist assassins, are, well, *over there*. *Robin Wilson*

Labour minds the gap

Last week's report by the Labour Party, showing that the South East had received the lion's share of the Budget's top-rate tax cuts, was a clever and effective piece of campaigning—but the central finding should hardly have come as a surprise, since more top-rate earners live in the South East than in the rest of the country.

Two things stand out: first that the analysis has produced a more accurate estimate of the geographic spread of top-rate taxpayers than existed before; and second, that South Eastern top-raters have done *even better* than one might have expected. While 52 per cent of them live in the South East, they've received 60 per cent of the handouts. Clearly they earn even more than the rest of the country's top-raters.

If you compare the proportion of tax cuts received by each region with the proportion of the population as a whole in that region, then the results are even more dramatic. The South East is the only area of the country to have received a higher percentage of the handout than its percentage of population. It's received nearly twice as much as it should have done on the basis of population as a whole, while Northern Ireland—the worst off—has received a third as much.

Even before the Budget, the gap between the South East and the rest of the country was large and growing. In 1979, the average after-tax gap per family in Wales, for example, was £33. By 1986 that had increased to £84 (both figures in 1986 prices). The gap had widened everywhere, but most of all in Northern Ireland, by a factor of 2.7, and in Wales and the East and West Midlands, by 2.5. Now the gap will be wider still. *Jolyon Jenkins*

Greenham victory: MoD says sorry

A Greenham peace protestor has received an apology from the new junior defence minister for a strip-search his department has since 1984 denied took place.

Last month Stella Mann-Cairns won a full judgement by consent on a case she had taken against the MoD for false imprisonment and assault by strip search. The MoD are to pay £2,000 damages and her legal costs.

But despite the settlement the MoD are sticking to their guns. In a letter last week to MP Tom Pendry, who has taken up the case, the new junior defence minister Archie Hamilton maintains: "I cannot accept your view that the recent judgement at Newbury County Court means that your former constituent was strip searched."

He argues that a written statement presented to the court from WPC Ann Ford saying that she carried out 750 personal searches when she was stationed at RAF Greenham Common between 1983-84 did not amount to evidence of strip searches. According to Ford's statement the women searched were asked to remove their clothing "up to their underwear" but some did not wear underwear and were therefore "naked in the search room". Mr Hamilton contests that as their nakedness was not required by the MoD, he stands by his predecessor's claim that there were no strip searches.

Even the minister however seems to be aware that his arguments are entering the realms of angels and pinheads for he concludes his letter by saying: "I should like to take this opportunity of offering your former constituent an apology for the treatment to which she was subjected and the distress which the circumstances of her arrest must have caused her. She has of course received damges consequent upon a Consent Order to that effect given in Newbury County Court."

OK, so it's not an admission, but it's the nearest thing Ms Mann-Cairns is likely to get.
Isabel O'Keeffe

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University press blocks gay book

An angry row about academic freedom of speech has engulfed Manchester University Press (MUP), after the Press's directors last month blocked the publication of a commissioned study of gay politics and culture. Last week, the general editors of MUP's prestigious new "Cultural Politics" series, launched only two months ago, resigned—calling the decision to scrap the book "homophobic and prejudiced".

MUP staff, while claiming that the gay book ban was motivated neither by politics nor prejudice, nevertheless acknowledge that the developing, and until now private, wrangle has already badly damaged the Press.

Positively Gay, edited by Simon Sheperd, a Nottingham University lecturer, and Mick Wallis of Wolverhampton Polytechnic, has been in preparation for more than three years. The manuscript of the book was completed earlier this year, and was then accepted by the series editors, the Press's commissioning editor, and by two outside academic experts who reviewed it. In June this year it was a forthcoming title on MUP's "Cultural Studies" list.

At the same time, however, the project was put into abeyance. MUP's editorial committee, chaired by Professor Brian Cox, gathered three further reviews of the book—all of which were opposed to publication of the manuscript as submitted. The committee had got "political cold feet", says Simon Sheperd; the book was "too explicit, too open, and too radical".

Finally, two weeks ago, Sheperd and Wallis were told by MUP chief executive Francis Brooke that the book would not be published "in its present form". They say that they had met many requests from Brooke for changes and alterations to the book, until they finally became convinced that the editorial committee was trying to avoid publication.

The editors of the "Cultural Politics" series, Sussex University lecturer Jonathan Dollimore and Reader Alan Sinfield, came to the same conclusion and resigned. In a letter to Brooke, they accused MUP of an "erratic way of proceeding", "unprofessional treatment" and "discrimination both against the politics of the volume and the sexuality of its subject and contributors."

Brooke this week told *NSS* that the decision to drop *Positively Gay* was "entirely on academic grounds". But his own letters and phone calls to Sheperd and Wallis suggest that, on the contrary, the major reason for the ban was increasing government and press homophobia, which it was feared could be turned on MUP.

In a letter to Sheperd dated 21 June, Brooke wrote that "the political climate means we must be very careful we have not got ourselves a hostage to fortune". He added that "the second problem is that the Far Right has a far more effective platform than it had even ten years ago and it is a real concern that the book might attract exactly the sort of response none of us want".

In a subsequent telephone conversation with Brooke, which Sheperd wrote down at the time, he was told that after the June MUP committee meeting, members were in a mood of "political alarm". Anxious about "how to play the book politically", Brooke told him that Tory party attacks on the Press and University were a central part of their fears.

In their letter of resignation, Dollimore and Sinfield wrote that they agreed that the book was "angry... but that is only to be expected on such a topic at such a time". But this was precisely the point in history where "we would wish [MUP] to show courage and commitment." They concluded : "This affair has destroyed our confidence in MUP".

Duncan Campbell and
Nigel Townson

Witness to nuclear blow out

It was END that first proclaimed the slogan—No cruise! No Pershing! No SS-20!—which later became the substance of the zero option proposed by the Americans. And it was the argument of the peace movement that numbers of nuclear weapons do not matter that clinched the Soviet acceptance of this asymmetric proposal and resulted in the INF treaty to eliminate all land-based intermediate-range and shorter-range missiles.

This is why I enthusiastically accepted an invitation from the official Soviet peace committee to observe the first destruction of Soviet missiles (the shorter-range SS-12 and SS-23) in accordance with the INF Treaty. It was a sort of recognition of the role of the peace movement.

On the day of the detonation, 1 August, we were flown to Taldy Kurgon in Kazakhstan and then taken by bus to a base called Saryozek. Until the treaty had been signed, Saryozek had been a missile-operating base with SS-12s targetted on China. Now it was to be the elimination site for all shorter-range Soviet missiles.

Saryozek is in an uninhabited scrubland region. Grass covered the bunkers and there were rows and rows of missiles on their transport erectors. To our amazement, the Soviet peace committee had constructed their own version of a women's peace camp: traditional Kazhak tents with Kazhak ladies in traditional dress who offered us tea, coffee, cakes and kebabs. It was a bizarre, festive occasion with peace activists, journalists, Soviet soldiers and American inspectors sharing snacks and conversation.

The explosion was exciting. It was bigger than I had expected, a mushroom cloud with sparks, which we watched from half a mile away. Afterwards, we cheered and collected debris to take home as souvenirs.

Similar explosions are taking place every day until all the shorter-range missiles have been destroyed. Altogether, some 926 missiles will be blown up, at a rate of eight a day. The process is to take some 18 months.

But there is perhaps a disturbing aspect to this new cohabitation between the superpowers. At the press conference, we asked about Soviet plans to "compensate" for the removal of these weapons. NATO is, as we know, planning to modernise short-range weapons (not covered by the treaty) like dual-capable artillery and Lance missiles and is discussing plans to "compensate" for the removal of cruise and Pershing with air or sea launched cruise missiles. Our Soviet hosts were unwilling to answer the question. Nevertheless, it is known that the Soviet Union is modernising its own artillery and replacing FROG missiles with SS-21s. Could this whole destruction process actually facilitate the arms race, speeding up the rate of obsolescence of weapons and so justifying an even faster rate of production and, at the same time, keeping public opinion compliant through a gigantic Orwellian doublethink?

Partly, it depends on us, on the extent to which public opinion can put pressure on governments. That is why it is important that we are there to watch it happen, to assert our right to be there. We should insist that the peace movement is present when the Western missiles are destroyed and we should insist that independent peace groups from the USSR and Eastern Europe are there as well.

When the explosion was over, I congratulated the Soviet commander of the base. I couldn't help feeling pleased when he replied: "Congratulations to you too." *Mary Kaldor*

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●A man drowned the woman he lived with after she abused and spat at him by forcing her head into a plastic dustbin filled with home-brewed beer. Brian Heritage, 39, was given a two-year prison sentence, part of which was suspended.

Heritage told the judge: "I don't want the court to think there was only one side to Mo—she was a lovely person." —*Independent* (Martin Hutton)

●Poole trading standards chiefs are spearheading a national campaign aimed at tightening up the activities of estateagents.

One of the most bizarre examples they have, reveals county standards officer Peter Cobb, is the agent who advertised two bungalows as "situated north of Weymouth". They were in Scotland. —*Evening Echo* (Nick Thomas)

●Dave Johnson, 56, and his wife Dorothy, from Coventry, paid an extra £30 so that their nine teddy bears could have a bunk of their own on a cross-channel ferry. "We wanted them to be comfortable," Mr Johnson explained. "They all have individual personalities." —*Observer* (Edwin Macdonald)

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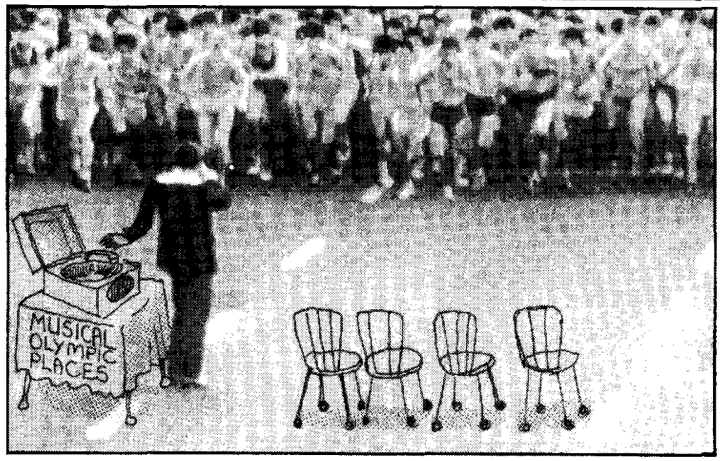

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Nothing like the real thing

Granada Television has spent £8 million to create "Europe's first major TV tour". Andrew Goodwin looks behind the scenes at "Hollywood on the Irwell"

Unless you're the kind of person who visits Disneyland expecting a critique of Donald Duck, or the type of radical who'd moan that the Universal Studio tour doesn't say anything about ideology, you presumably won't go to Manchester's newly-opened Granada Studios tour expecting anything more weighty than a stroll down Coronation Street. When the media displays itself to its public, self-examination is rarely part of the schedule. You might reasonably expect, however, that a tour which promises an opportunity to "Step Inside The World Of Television" would devote itself to explaining something about that medium. You'd be wrong, of course. In fact, in the promotional material which advertises the tour the logo underneath that slogan unmistakably represents a film camera, not a television camera. This, as Granada Television chairman David Plowright has told us, is "Hollywood on the Irwell".

Television, of course, isn't glamorous enough to attract tourists in the kind of numbers needed to recoup an investment of £8 million. Television has personalities, not stars. Television doesn't thrill. It is ordinary, not exotic. That's why you emerge from the turnstiles (having coughed up £5.50) onto a street scene that is supposed to conjure up the experience of "America". This, apparently, is a New York street—a version of 42nd Street, in fact, where the drug dealers have been replaced by a pink Cadillac that would surely have been ripped off by now if it sat for more than a moment at the kerbside of the real thing; a 42nd Street where a good-natured cop walks alone instead of with a small gang; where

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From Coronation Street to Downing Street: Granada tourists enjoying their £5.50's worth (left)

neon lights advertising Triple X movies have been replaced with signs for Coca-Cola and Kodak.

Television, however, has its revenge. Having been abandoned at the very beginning of this tour in favour of the altogether more fascinating iconography of all things American, it is fitting that telly's revenge comes in the form of sound. There is music in the air, spilling out of a tinny public address system. I am standing on 42nd Street in downtown Manhattan listening to the theme tune from *Coronation Street*. Welcome to the Granada Studios tour.

We enter the tour complex with our guide, who takes us through a door which loudly announces itself as the entrance to "Studios". During the guide's opening patter I notice cans lying around the floor, casually marked up with titles such as *All Our Yesterdays* and *Trading Places*—Can 5 (another clue to telly's demotion in Granada's scheme of things). Are the cans empty? Or does television verisimilitude demand not only that there is film in them, but that it corresponds to these very titles? If I start shouting right now and rip the cans open in front of everyone, thus revealing the opening hoax of this tour, will my fellow tourists see through the lies of television once and for all? No, they won't, because I'm already outflanked by the guide, who blithely informs us that "nothing looks quite the way it seems in television".

But like most television about television, the attempt to own up to the illusion masks another sleight of hand. The "production control room" is a not-very-credible fake. As we leave, a "floor manager" hustles us out with the news that the "studio" is about to transmit a special edition of *World In Action*. Perhaps it's an exposé of the Granada Studios tour. Unfazed, some members of our party are recording all this on video cameras. We are whisked into "Studio 9", where the tour develops another of television's favourite riffs —humiliating and patronising the public under the guise of "having a laugh". Three hapless women from our party are press-ganged by the guide into sitting in a mock-up of a Rovers Return set, while loudspeakers replay dialogue from the show and the poor women look uneasy and, well, lost for words. As we turn towards a set based on the Beatles' first television appearance, I lurk at the back, fearing that at any moment I might be picked on to act out the role of Paul McCartney. For the rest of the tour, no one goes within three feet of the guide.

The studio cameras might not be plugged in, but the tourist cameras still whirl and click. I do my sums and figure that when we develop our photos of that Rovers Return scenario we will consume a representation of a representation of a representation. Meanwhile, three generations away from actuality, the illusion continues. Another "floor manager" is hamming his way through some lines about television, demonstrating in the process that he knows even less about the medium than a real floor manager. We sit on a studio boat and view the wonders of chromakey as it places us upon a televisual ocean on overhead monitors. All very clever. Except that no one explains what chromakey is. I almost expect the guide to say "I'm sorry, that's all we've got time for". Everything seems too rushed. This is television.

We move on, via a fake "jungle" that is designed to illustrate the series *Disappearing World*. Folly is too mild a word for this experience. But the tour's most perplexing moment occurs when we return to "America" and the guide announces a "Tribute to Hollywood". We walk up five flights of stairs to the accompaniment of various Hollywood theme tunes and a less than dazzling display of flashing lights. At the top of the stairs there is a mock-up of the view from the Los Angeles Bonaventura Hotel which consists mainly of more flashing lights. When Frederic Jameson described the original building as "postmodern" he could never have dreamed of this—an experience of Hollywood so thin, so superficial, so "on the surface" that it neglects to include any moving image.

But reality is just around the corner, as we ride on a London tram, along Baker Street, through Checkpoint Charlie (constructed for Granada's forthcoming adaptation of Len Deighton's *Game, Set and Match*) and onto the tour's climax—Coronation Street. At last the tour steps into the real world of television. This is the actual street, not a reconstruction. We wander down that familiar pavement, opposite Mike Baldwin's factory, from Alf Roberts' corner shop to the Rovers Return.

Some people are peeking into Emily Bishop's front room, but there's nothing behind the facade. We have our pictures taken, just as we would in Piccadilly Circus or Times Square. That *Coronation Street* has a reality all of its own is brought home in the "Coronation Street Experience", which sits just beside the set. In this exhibition (for that is what it is) the Rovers Return is given a fictional history, starting in 1902; there are reproductions of local "newspapers" detailing dramatic front-page news about events in the Street; and the family histories of each group of characters are related with almost no mention of the actors who portray them.

As if in recognition that our own family histories are now mediated by the video camera, from identification with soap stars to the use of portable video recorders to make home movies, the tour even provides an opportunity to star in a scene from *Coronation Street*. A £12.50 investment in becoming a "telestar" gets you six minutes of stardom on VHS. For that sum you can be edited into a dialogue in the Rovers, in which you chat casually with Mike Baldwin and Betty Turpin about your forthcoming move to the Street. Thus the characters from your favourite soap are effectively edited into the modern day equivalent of your holiday snaps.

The Granada Studios tour will stand or fall on the longevity of *Coronation Street* in national popular memory. Aside from the Street itself, there is a thrill to the experience of setting eyes on the very set inhabited by Hilda Ogden, replete with "mural" and flying ducks, that rivals the buzz of standing on the stage at Manhattan's Radio City theatre, or in the fascination of laying eyes on Norman Bates' house, on the backlots at Universal.

But like all such tours, including Hollywood's own Universal Studios trip, you come out feeling cheated. You wanted to see behind the scenes, and all you got was another show, another set of mediations, another layer of performance keeping you from the real thing. Peeping behind the media's curtain is great fun, and in tapping that source of excitement the Granada tour exploits a popular desire to know what goes on when the cameras are switched off—a pleasure that is served by tabloid gossip and media studies alike. Very few people remain unmoved by the experience of actually being inside a television studio for the first time, even if they learn nothing from it, and it's a shame that the tour fakes that experience. If Granada has no pretensions to educate or inform, it can't even entertain very convincingly, because we want what can't be had—we want to snoop. Instead we hear these "revealing words", from an actor who pretends to be a floor manager: "As you know, television is completely an illusion."

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They've got it taped

In the booming surveillance industry they spy on whom they wish, when they wish, protected by barriers of secrecy, fortified by billions of pounds worth of high, high technology. Duncan Campbell reports from the United States on the secret Anglo-American plan for a global electronic spy system for the 21st century capable of listening in to most of us most of the time

American, British and Allied intelligence agencies are soon to embark on a massive, billion-dollar expansion of their global electronic surveillance system. According to information given recently in secret to the US Congress, the surveillance system will enable the agencies to monitor and analyse civilian communications into the 21st century. Identified for the moment as Project P415, the system will be run by the US National Security Agency (NSA). But the intelligence agencies of many other countries will be closely involved with the new network, including those from Britain, Australia, Germany and Japan—and, surprisingly, the People's Republic of China.

New satellite stations and monitoring centres are to be built around the world, and a chain of new satellites launched, so that NSA and its British counterpart, the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ) at Cheltenham, may keep abreast of the burgeoning international telecommunications traffic.

The largest overseas station in the Project P415 network is the US satellite and communications base at Menwith Hill, near Harrogate in Yorkshire. It is run undercover by the NSA and taps into all Britain's main national and international communications networks *(New Statesman*, 7 August 1980). Although high technology stations such as Menwith Hill are primarily intended to monitor international communications, according to US experts their capability can be, and has been, turned inwards on domestic traffic. Menwith Hill, in particular, has been accused by a former employee of gross corruption and the monitoring of domestic calls.

The vast international global eavesdropping network has existed since shortly after the second world war, when the US, Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand signed a secret agreement on signals intelligence, or "sigint". It was anticipated, correctly, that electronic monitoring of communications signals would continue to be the largest and most important form of post-war secret intelligence, as it had been through the war.

Although it is impossible for analysts to listen to all but a small fraction of the billions of telephone calls, and other signals which might contain "significant" information, a network of monitoring stations in Britain and elsewhere is able to tap all international and some domestic communications circuits, and sift out messages which sound interesting. Computers automatically analyse every telex message or data signal, and can also identify calls to, say, a target telephone number in London, no matter from which country they originate.

A secret listening agreement, called UKUSA (UK-USA), assigns parts of the globe to each participating agency. GCHQ at Cheltenham is the co-ordinating centre for Europe, Africa and the Soviet Union (west of the Ural Mountains).

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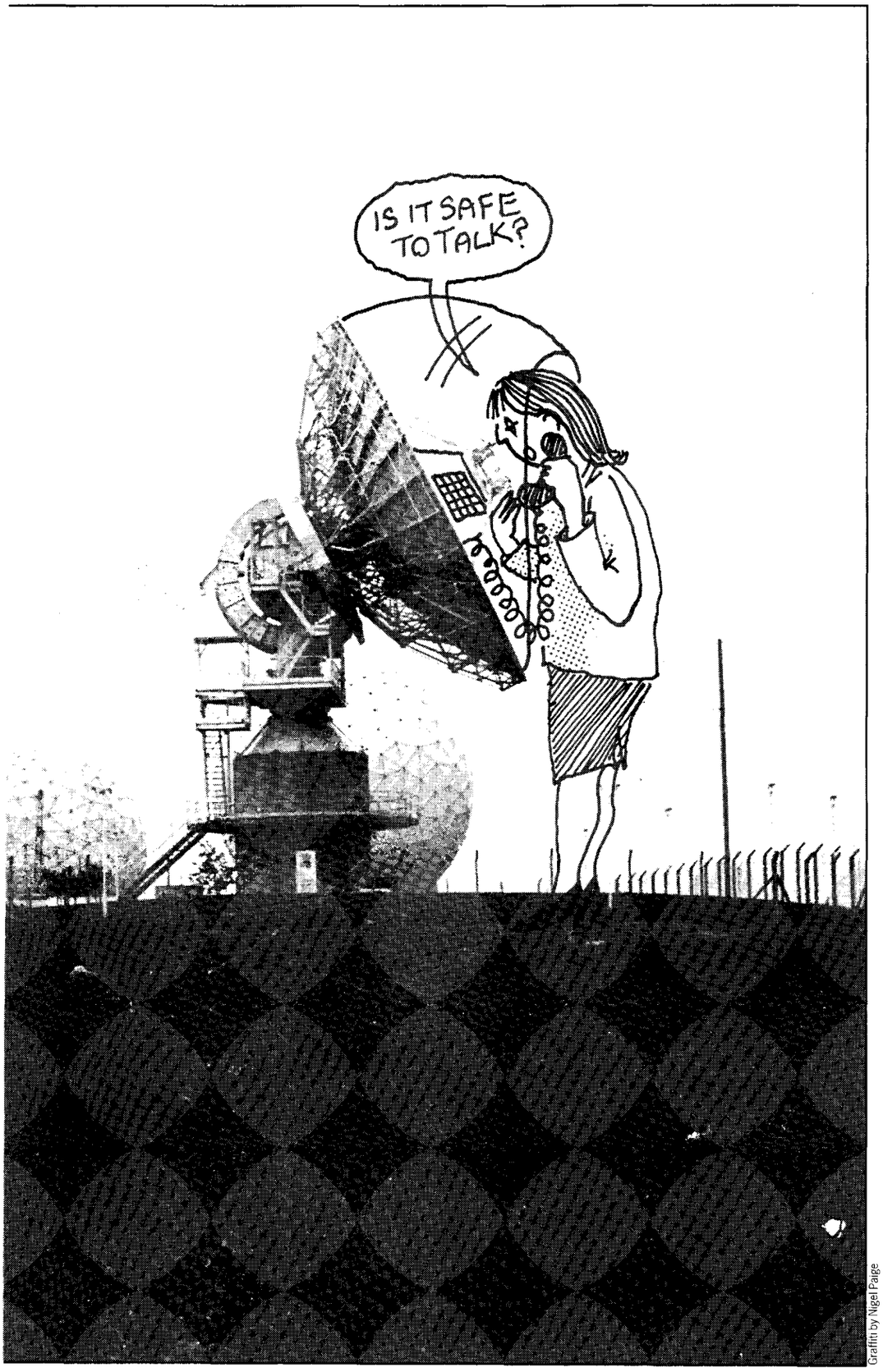

Graffiti by Nigel Paige

The NSA covers the rest of the Soviet Union and most of the Americas. Australia—where another station in the NSA listening network is located in the outback—co-ordinates the electronic monitoring of the South Pacific, and South East Asia.

With 15,000 staff and a budget of over £500 million a year (even without the planned new Zircon spy satellite), GCHQ is by far the largest part of British intelligence. Successive UK governments have placed high value on its eavesdropping capabilities, whether against Russian military signals or the easier commercial and private civilian targets.

Both the new and existing surveillance systems are highly computerised. They rely on near total interception of international commercial and satellite communications in order to locate the telephone or other messages of target individuals. Last month, a US newspaper, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, revealed that the system had been used to target the telephone calls of a US Senator, Strom Thurmond. The fact that Thurmond, a southern Republican and usually a staunch supporter of the Reagan administration, is said to have been a target has raised fears that the NSA has restored domestic, electronic, surveillance programmes. These were originally exposed and criticised during the Watergate investigations, and their closure ordered by President Carter.

After talking to the NSA, Thurmond later told the *Plain Dealer* that he did not believe the allegation. But Thurmond, a right-wing Republican, may have been unwilling to rock the boat. Staff members of the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence said that staff were "digging into it" despite the "stratospheric security classification" of all the systems involved.

The Congressional officials were first told of the Thurmond interception by a former employee of the Lockheed Space and Missiles Corporation, Margaret Newsham, who now lives in Sunnyvale, California. Newsham had originally given separate testimony and filed a lawsuit concerning corruption and mis-spending on other US government "black" projects. She has worked in the US and Britain for two corporations which manufacture signal intelligence computers, satellites and interception equipment for NSA, Ford Aerospace and Lockheed. Citing a special Executive Order signed by President Reagan, she told me last month that she could not and would not discuss classified information with journalists. But according to Washington sources (and the report in the *Plain Dealer*) she informeda US Congressman that the Thurmond interception took place at Menwith Hill, and that she personally heard the call and was able to pass on details.

Since then, investigators have subpoenaed other witnesses and asked them to provide the complete plans and manuals of the ECHELON system and related projects. The plans and blueprints are said to show that targeting of US political figures would not occur by accident, but was designed into the system from the start.

While working at Menwith Hill, Newsham is reported to have said that she was able to listen through earphones to telephone calls being monitored at the base. Other conversations that she heard were in Russian. After leaving Menwith Hill, she continued to have access to full details of Menwith Hill operations from a position as software manager for more than a dozen VAX computers at Menwith which operate the ECHELON system.

Newsham refused last month to discuss classified details of her career, except with cleared Congressional officials. But it has been publicly acknowledged that she worked on a large range of so-called "black" US intelligence programmes, whose funds are concealed inside the costs of other defence projects. She was fired from Lockheed four years ago after complaining about the corruption, and sexual harassment.

Lockheed claimed she had been a pook timekeeper, and has denied her charges of corruption on "black" projects. But the many charges she is reported to have made—such as the use of top secret computers for football pools, or to sell a wide range of merchandise from their offices, and deliberate and massive overcharg-

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ing and waste by the company—are but small beer in a continuing and wider scandal about defence procurement. Newsham's testimony about overcharging by contractors is now the subject of a major congressional inquiry.

From US sources not connected with Margaret Newsham, we have obtained for the first time a list of the major classified projects in operation at Menwith Hill. The base currently has over 1,200 staff, more than two thirds of them Americans. Other than the ECHELON computer network, the main projects at Menwith Hill are code-named SILKWORTH, MOONPENNY, SIRE, RUNWAY and STEEPLEBUSH. The station also receives information from a satellite called BIG BIRD.

Project SILKWORTH is, according to signals intelligence specialists, the code-name for long-range radio monitoring from Menwith Hill. MOONPENNY is a system for monitoring satellite communications; RUNWAY is thought to be the control network for an eavesdropping satellite called VORTEX, now in orbit over the Soviet Union. The base earlier controlled a similar series of satellites called CHALET. The new STEEPLEBUSH control centre appears connected with the latest and biggest of the overhead listening satellites. These are code-named MAGNUM, according to US intelligence sources.

BIG BIRD, which is not usually connected with Menwith Hill, is a low-orbiting photographic reconnaissance satellite. But investigators have worked out, from details of the clearances necessary to know about BIG BIRD, that this satellite—and indeed, many other satellites, variously disguised as "weather satellites"—also carry listening equipment. One such sigint package is said to have been aboard the doomed space shuttle Challenger, despite its ostensibly civilian purpose.

Recently published US Department of Defense 1989 budget information has confirmed that the Menwith Hill spy base will be the subject of a major $26 million expansion programme. Information given to Congress in February listed details of plans for a four-year expansion of the main operation building and other facilities at Menwith Hill. Although the testimony referred only to a "classified location", the base can be identified because of references to STEEPLEBUSH. According to this testimony, the new STEEPLEBUSH II project will cost $15 million between now and 1993. The expansion is required to avoid overcrowding and "to support expanding classified missions".

During the Watergate affair, it was revealed that NSA, in collaboration with GCHQ, had routinely intercepted the international communications of prominent anti-Vietnam war leaders such as Jane Fonda and Dr Benjamin Spock. Another target was former Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver. Then in the late 1970s, it was revealed that President Carter had ordered NSA to stop obtaining "back door" intelligence about US political figures through swapping intelligence data with GCHQ Cheltenham.

Among important stations being developed in the new P415 network, sources indicated, are Bude in Cornwall, mainly run by GCHQ, Bad Aibling in Germany, and two sites in the People's Republic of China (which are used only for monitoring the USSR). The western intelligence agencies have not yet resolved the question of how to replace the recently upgraded British intelligence listening station at Chung Hom Kok in Hong Kong (which at the moment listens to China itself) when the colony is handed back to China next decade.

In Australia three months ago, New Zealand Defence Minister Bob Tizard revealed that two Australasian interception stations planned for the early 1990s will be targeted on new communications satellites launched by third world countries such as India and Indonesia. The new satellite spy bases are at Geraldton in northern Australia and Blenheim, New Zealand. The similar British spy base at Morwenstow, near Bude, Cornwall, has been continuously expanded throughout the 1980s, including the provision of massive US analysis computers.

Special teams from GCHQ Cheltenham have been flown in secretly to a computer centre near San Francisco for training on computer systems that carry out domestic and international interception

If Margaret Newsham's testimony is confirmed by the ongoing Congressional investigation, then the NSA has been behaving illegally under US law—unless it can prove either that Thurmond's call was intercepted completely accidentally, or that the highly patriotic Senator is actually a foreign spy or terrorist. Moreover NSA's international phone tapping operations from Menwith Hill and at Morwenstow, Cornwall, can only be legal in Britain if special warrants have been issued by the Secretary of State to specify that American intelligence agents are persons to whom information from intercepts must or should be given. This can not be established, since the government has always refused to publish any details of the targets or recipients of specific interception warrants.

When the Menwith Hill base was first set up there was no British law controlling phone tapping, or making unauthorised interception (such as by foreign intelligence agencies) illegal. Now there is, and telecommunications interception by the Americans from British territory would clearly be illegal without the appropriate warrant.

When the new Interception of Communications Act was passed in 1985, however, it was obviously designed to make special provision for operations like ECHELON or Project P415 to trawl all international communications to and from Britain. A special section of the Act, Section 3(2), allows warrants to be issued to intercept any general type of international messages to or from Britain if this is "in the interests of national security" or "for the purpose of safeguarding the economic well-being of the United Kingdom". Such warrants also allow GCHQ to tap any or all other communications on the same cables or satellites that may have to be picked up in order to select out the messages they want. So whether or not a British government warrant can legally allow American agents to intercept private British communications, there is no doubt that British law as well as British bases have been designed to encourage rather than inhibit the booming industry in international telecommunications surveillance.

Both British and American domestic communications are also being targeted and intercepted by the ECHELON network, the US investigators have been told. The agencies are alleged to have collaborated not only on targeting and interception, but also on the monitoring of domestic UK communications.

Special teams from GCHQ Cheltenham have been flown in secretly in the last few years to a computer centre in Silicon Valley near San Francisco for training on the special computer systems that carry out both domestic and international interception.

The centre near San Francisco has also been used to train staff from the "Technical Department" of the People's Liberation Army General Staff, which is the Chinese version of GCHQ. The Department operates two ultra-secret joint US-Chinese listening stations in the Xinjiang Uighur Autonomous Region, close to the Soviet Siberian border. Allegedly, such surveillance systems are only used to target Soviet or Warsaw Pact communications signals, and those suspected of involvement in espionage and terrorism. But those involved in ECHELON have stressed to Congress that there are no formal controls over who may be targeted. And I have been told that junior intelligence staff can feed target names into the system at all levels, without any check on their authority to do so. Witnesses giving evidence to the Congressional inquiry have discussed whether the Democratic presidential contender Jesse Jackson was targeted; one source implied that he had been. Even test engineers from manufacturing companies are able to listen in on private citizens' communications, the inquiry was told.

But because of the special Executive Order signed by President Reagan, US intelligence operatives who know about such politically sensitive operations face jail sentences if they speak out—despite the constitutional American protection of freedom of speech and of the press. And in Britain, as we know, the government is in the process of tightening the Official Secrets Act to make the publication of any information from intelligence officials automatically a crime, even if the information had already been published, or had appeared overseas first. ●

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Keep the girls from the boys

Angela McRobbie challenges the progressive orthodoxy that mixed-sex schools bring educational equality

Notre Dame High School is an all-girls Catholic comprehensive in Glasgow's west end. When I was there in the 1960s it was the Scottish equivalent of a convent grammar. In the early 1970s, it turned comprehensive, smoothly and successfully and since then has developed a reputation for good discipline, excellent results and a strong and involved PTA.

Despite its success, Notre Dame, like a number of other schools in the region, is now earmarked for closure. The local education authority wants to merge it with a Catholic, mixed-sex school, St Thomas Aquinas, a few miles down the road. One Labour councillor has been heard to say that single-sex shcools are "an anachronism". But research shows that girls benefit socially and academically from single-sex schooling.

Celia McMeekin, the headmistress at Notre Dame, draws attention to the school's achievements in encouraging girls into non-traditional areas like physics. The curriculum has also been opened up to include technological studies, previously only offered in boys' or mixed-sex schools. She also emphasises the absence of vandalism and graffiti; there are no bills for repairs or for costly clean-up operations.

Closing a school like Notre Dame is part of a wider plan aimed at streamlining and rationalising educational provision in the region, particularly in the light of falling rolls. It is here that the logic of educational administration clashes with parental interest. Because Notre Dame attracts a disproportionate number of the area's Catholic girls, the mixed-sex school it is to merge with is much more heavily weighted with boys. It is also invariably the case that when schools merge it is men who get the headships. Nor do women teachers in mixed-sex schools maintain anything like the high profile as heads of department that they achieve in single-sex schools. This means fewer role models for girls, particularly in non-traditional areas.

The argument for mixed schools, which was won hands down in the 1950s and 1960s, was based on a number of assumptions which have rarely been subjected to scrutiny. Many of those in the vanguard of the co-educational movement in the 1920s worked in the private sector. They argued against single-sex schools partly to combat homosexuality in boys' schools and partly to improve "mutual understanding" between boys and girls. As Kevin Brehony, in an excellent study on the origins of the co-education debate, has shown, even in schools which pursued the co-educational principle, like Bedales or the King Alfred School in Hampstead, most parents removed their sons at around 13 or 14 to send them back to single-sex establishments where they would be on course for Oxbridge. Such schools might have boasted an equal number of boys and girls but most of the boys were barely into their teens. In the private sector today, girls are often brought into the sixth form either to keep numbers up or to have a civilising influence on boys. In both the state and the private sector it seems that co-education has historically been more beneficial to boys than it has to girls.

Research has shown repeatedly how disadvantaged girls can be. Battling it out against the boys seems to be a struggle they are still destined to lose. The most graphic account of this is Michelle Stanworth's 1981 research. In an A level humanities course at a technical college, Stanworth found a staggering degree of gender stereotyping. The teachers continually forgot or failed to learn the girls' names and then explained this by referring to cliquishness, quietness or "facelessness". One girl described how male teachers would always ask the boys questions directly: "Peter do you agree with what John has just said?" but would be much more vague in addressing the girls and would look to them as a group: "What do you girls have to say about that?" The boys assumed, regardless of how the girls actually performed, that they did less well. And the girls, browbeaten perhaps into submission, criticised those few girls who were loud and talkative for being pushy and hogging the limelight.

This is not to say that single-sex schools achieve better results for girls, although no national research exists to prove or disprove it. Many single-sex schools—as proponents of mixed-sex schooling are keen to point out—are, like Notre Dame, ex-grammar schools where an academic tradition might be expected to prevail. Catchment areas and parental income also affect results as does the whole ambience of a particular school. Indeed, there may well be many unsatisfactory and under-performing single-sex schools peddling the same old domestic curriculum as they did 20 years ago, with the added bonus for the staff that girls are "undemanding and easy to handle".

Nonetheless, even among those most opposed to single-sex schools there is a growing awareness of the need for single-sex teaching in key subjects like mathematics. In a recent attempt at this girls performed a great deal better when they were taught apart from the boys. Single-sex teaching across the board would, however, be an administrative nightmare. Anyhow, to make a special case for mathematics would be of little use to the girls in Stanworth's

Brenda Prince/Format

Single-sex schools: a chance to develop beyond the traditional

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study who were taking a more traditionally feminine subject course like humanities.

It is for all of these reasons, including the practical difficulties involved in educating girls separately from boys, that most educationalists argue in favour of combating sexism within a co-ed setting by tackling it head on with the help of school-wide policies that challenge male privilege at every level. The problem here is that this is such a massive task that, even with full staff support, more time would be spend on trying to implement it than would be spent on actually doing the physics or technological studies.

Until recently the co-educationalists appeared to be flying the flag for educational equality. There were, after all, connotations of class privilege about single-sex schooling. Indeed, Notre Dame has been criticised by some councillors for being elitist, even though over 40 per cent of its pupils are from single-parent families and even more are in receipt of free school meals. The assumption is that the ex-grammar school ethos sets its pupils on course for upward mobility at others' expense.

This raises a set of crucial questions which are continually obscured by stale platitudes from educationalists, the left and many local education authorities. What exactly do we mean by upward mobility? Is doing well and being educated for a job or profession necessarily achieved at the expense of those whose schooling is unable to make such provision? Is it not time that women and girls benefited from a little more upward mobility? Under the existing system only a tiny percentage of girls leave school with the kinds of qualification which will lead them into reasonably well-paid jobs. Instead, most girls have to look to a man to provide them with the basic requirements of life. It is for this reason that, following marital break-up, most women, irrespective of social class, slip into poverty. It is only with better qualifications that women can avoid the dependency trap.

In the 1960s, a Catholic school like Notre Dame, most of whose pupils came from hard-working, Irish or Italian backgrounds quite unaffected by more middle-class ideas of achievement for girls, trod an uncertain path. Encouragement about doing well had to be balanced by the competing demands of Catholic motherhood. For some, like myself, this produced a crisis of almost unbearable proportions. But it was at home not at school that these demands were so irreconcilable. At key moments in my adolescence school became a place to escape *to*, not from. There, motherhood was pushed firmly into the future allowing a real space to be opened up, not just for exploring academic ideas, but also for pursuing a femininity unconstrained by the presence of boys. In turn, femininity came to be used as a tool for carving out a social identity. It was possible to combine it with being loud or outspoken, to enjoy school work and fashion. There was little fear of facelessness.

In the last few days the Secretary of State for Scotland has finally over-ruled Strathclyde regional council's decision to close Notre Dame. However, two other girls' Catholic schools in the region, Our Lady and St Francis and Notre Dame in Dumbarton, have failed in their appeal to stay open and are now in the process of merging with two Catholic boys' schools. ●

Cocaine capitalism

On 10 March 1984, Colombian police swooped down on a jungle drug complex known as Tranquilandia and seized 27,500 pounds of pure cocaine. It was the biggest coke bust in history. A few days later the US Ambassador to Colombia, Lewis Tambs, made a startling announcement: Tranquilandia had been protected by Communist rebels. He dubbed them "narco-guerrillas."

It's now acknowledged that Tambs conjured up a phantom. There were no guerrillas at Tranquilandia. General Miguel Antonio Gomez Padilla, the former head of Colombia's antinarcotics police, admitted in an interview that police did not encounter Communist rebels, their uniforms or even propaganda. "Tambs got ahead of the evidence," a senior State Department official acknowledged. Nevertheless, the narco-guerrilla was projected as reality by the Reagan administration. A 1985 State Department and Defence Department report on Soviet influence in Latin America warned of an "alliance between drug smugglers and guerrillas". A 1986 presidential directive raised drug smuggling to the level of a national security threat because of what Vice President George Bush called "a real link between drugs and terrorism". The next year US delegates to the Conference of American Armies, meeting in Argentina, urged Latin American general staffs to unite against "narco-terrorism". Finally, in a report released this May, the London-based Institute for Strategic Studies declared that "narcoterrorism" is now "on a par with Communism as a threat to western interests in Latin America".

This language is in line with a familiar vision of the United States besieged by foreign devils, but it obscures the essential difference between drug traffickers and Marxist insurgents. The notion of a "narcoguerrilla" unites what can't be united. Top traffickers are hugely successful capitalists bent on boosting their earnings and their social status. Marxist rebels want to overthrow capitalism altogether. These contradictory objectives explain why guerrillas and traffickers are killing each other in Peru and Colombia, and why the Medellin cocaine cartel lurks behind Colombia's dirty war. The narcoguerrilla notion ignores not only these realities but the political impact of Latin America's exploding drug industry. The voracious US demand for cocaine has jolted regional economies, thrusting to centre stage a violent new actor in Latin American politics: the narco New Right.

The narcos want to get into the establishment, not overthrow it. They see bloodshed as part of the price of admission to the ruling class—a reasonable reading of Latin American history. The introduction of coffee in Colombia at the end of the last century brought on a civil war. Brazil's cacoa boom gave rise to the corrupt killers made famous by Jorge Amado in his novel *The Violent Land*. Eventually the captains of coffee and cacoa bought and bludgeoned their way into the oligarchy, and the same is almost certain to happen with the rising new stratum of cocaine capitalist.

The narcos seek to legitimise their nouveau riche status through nationalism, and their nationalism infects their investment decisions. Latin American elites traditionally squirrel away their dollars into foreign banks and buy second homes overseas, but traffickers "don't want to go to the south of France," one US diplomat told me. "They don't speak French." What they do speak is the language of money. Traffickers bring back drug dollars and invest heavily in the national economy. In Colombia they repatriate between $1 billion and $2 billion annually. Last year they "reactivated" the economy, according to the comptroller general. The steady devaluation of the Colombian peso makes dollar repatriation on this scale an unsound business practice, but traffickers are moved by more than the profit motive. They want bank accounts in Switzerland too. So they accumulate flashy adornments like soccer teams and fighting bulls, and they also make blue-chip investments. "They are in industry, business, finance, agriculture, construction and real estate," says Colombian Senator Ivan Marulanda, a businessman who represents the region that includes Medellin. They are Colombia's "largest capitalists, the largest landowners". As if to announce their arrival in the aristocracy, they made the ultimate gesture of *noblesse oblige* by offering twice to pay off Colombia's $11 billion foreign debt.

But all of their drug dollars can't buy them a drink in Colombia's best social clubs, and this rankles the narcos no end. "I don't need those sons of bitches in the clubs," fumes leading cartel member Carlos Lehder, on one occasion. The traffickers were in fact well on their way to social acceptance until they murdered Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla in 1984, probably in reprisal for the Tranquilandia raid seven weeks earlier. But Lara Bonilla's death made the narcos social pariahs; an embarrassed elite moved to exclude them from high society and deny them an open role in politics. The symbol of this rejection is extradition, a policy executed by

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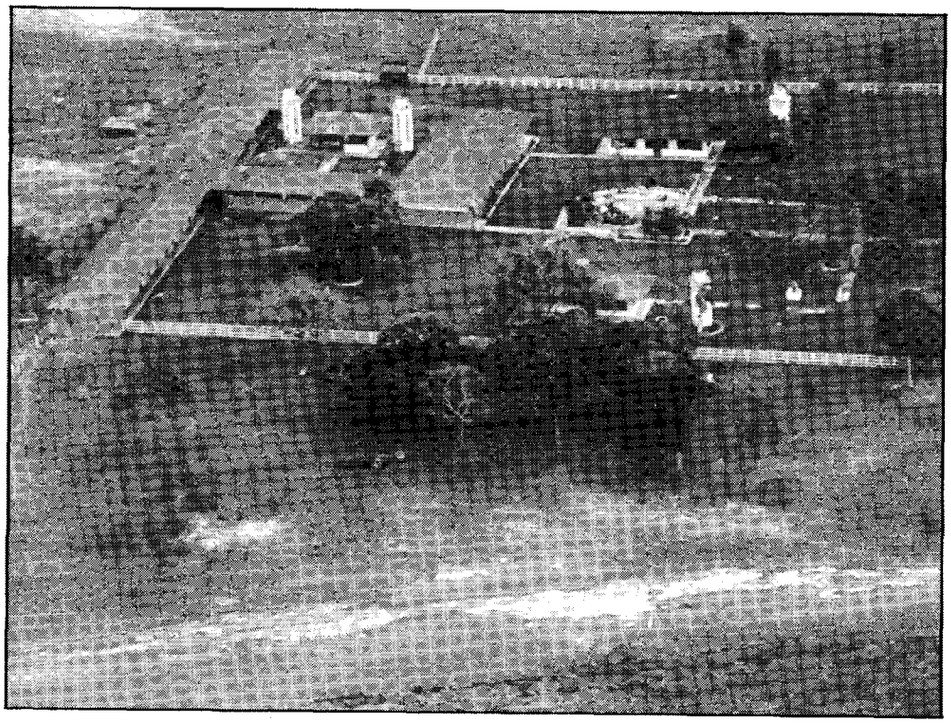
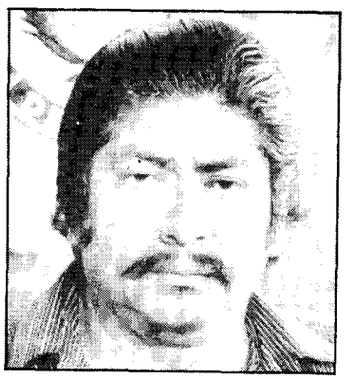
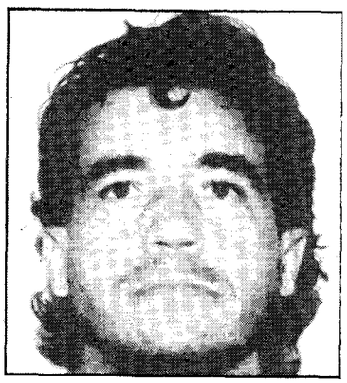
The rise of a powerful Latin American drug-dealing class—a "narcobourgeoisie" bent on legitimising itself—is destabilising the economy and politics of the region. Merrill Collett reports on the new narco rich





The ranch of Roberto Suarez (right), the self-styled "King of cocaine"; Reynaldo Rodriguez is another big-time trafficker (left) as are Carlos Lehder (below left) and Pablo Escobar (below)



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presidents from both ruling parties. Extradition enrages the drug lords because it ratifies in Colombia the US definition of traffickers as criminal deviants, not successful businessmen. They have responded by attacking Colombia's ruling elite as holier-than-thou hypocrites. Acting as "The Extraditables", they murdered an attorney general and kidnapped the son of a former president while issuing an indignant manifesto denouncing government, church, press, industrial and financial leaders as "the real mafia".

The emergence of a self-conscious, violent, drug-dealing class is not unique to Colombia. Bolivian traffickers allied with the military ruled their country for a decade beginning in 1971 with the vicious right-wing reign of General Hugo Banzer and culminating in General Luis Garcia Meza's 1980 "cocaine coup". Garcia Meza brought in Nazis such as Klaus Barbie and put the Interior Ministry under the control of the nephew of Roberto Suarez, the self-styled "king of cocaine". Today Garcia Meza is gone but Suarez keeps his throne. He rivals the Medellin moguls in ambition and earnings, and shares their lust for legitimacy. Just like Colombian cartel kingpin Pablo Escobar—"Don Pablo" to the slum dwellers of Medellin—Suarez polishes a folk-hero image by doling out money to the poor. And like the Colombian cartel, Suarez once offered to pay off the country's foreign debt.

Suarez is only the tip of the iceberg. The Bolivian drug trade is big enough to have produced a narco new rich like Colombia's. And the Bolivian traffickers, like their Colombian counterparts, make themselves big fish in the national pond by repatriating narcobucks even though economic logic tells them to invest their dollars abroad. Ignoring a five-digit inflation rate in the mid-1980s, traffickers faithfully repatriated an estimated $486 million annually.

Peru is a somewhat different case. The Peruvian drug trade is large, providing a third of the country's foreign export earnings, but Peru has no narco national bourgeoisie because the trade is almost entirely controlled from abroad by the Colombian cartel. Peasants in the Upper Huallaga Valley, where a third to half of the world's coca leaf is grown, sell their coca paste to seven or eight groups of Colombian middlemen based in the area. These middlemen fly the paste to cartel labs on the Colombian border to be refined and shipped north. It's a classic dependency relationship. The valley is a virtual colony of the cartel. Peruvian peasants are raw material pro-

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ducers who earn only 0.5 per cent of the retail value of the final product. The cartel's dominance is so complete that Colombian *cumbia* music is heard on every jukebox and kids swap the latest slang from Medellin.

Before the cartel consolidated its grip on the Huallaga Valley, Carlos Langberg, a Peruvian, blazed an alternative drug trade route through Mexico to the United States. Following a familiar pattern, Langberg uses his illicit millions to buy legitimacy through politics. He eased himself into the upper echelons of the Apra Party by bankrolling its 1980 campaign. But Langberg didn't want to stay behind the scenes; so, like Carlos Lehder in Colombia, he launched a newspaper. He made himself its chief columnist and spewed out a steady stream of right-wing populism in 350,000 copies distributed free every day. His ambition was his undoing. The paper caught the eye of curious reporters, who exposed him as a drug trafficker and Langberg was sentenced to 15 years in Lima's Canto Grande prison. The imprisonment of Langberg and another big-time trafficker, Reynaldo Rodriguez Lopez, reveals the shallow roots of the Peruvian drug trade. In Colombia, no jail can hold a member of the narcobourgeoisie. They are "stronger than the state", says former Colombian president Belisario Betancur.

But they are not stronger than the guerrillas. In both Colombia and Peru, Marxist insurgents are an irritating, and often bloody, thorn in the side of the cartel. Traffickers endure the insurgents not out of choice, but because they have to face up to a geographic truth: guerrillas occupy the chief coca-growing regions.

Twenty-five years ago Colombian peasant rebels joined up with the country's Communist Party and formed the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia, or the FARC. Defeated by the army, FARC guerrillas retreated into the sparsely populated south-eastern corner of the country and became armed peasant pioneers. They were joined by a steady stream of settlers seeking land in a nation without effective land reform. This trickle turned into a torrent in the late 1970s. The demand for cocaine in the United States had outstripped the supply of coca leaf in Bolivia and Peru, making the low-quality leaves of the Colombian coca highly profitable. The boom was on in Colombia's Amazon jungle and along the riverbanks of the eastern plains.

Narco-entrepreneurs from Medellin and Cali organised the trade. In some cases they set it up as a cottage industry, selling independent small farmers coca seeds and processing chemicals and buying back their half-processed coca paste. In other cases, the narcos hired day labourers to clear the jungle and sow coca on plantations owned by the traffickers themselves. They tried to keep day wages and coca paste prices down. But the bottom line was drawn by the FARC, which made itself into an armed trade union for Colombia's coca *campesinos*. The guerrillas, who now have at least a third of their forces in coca-growing plantations, agitate to keep paste prices up and prevent abuses by cartel gunmen. "It's a contract arrived at under the threat of force," says historian Alvaro Delgado, a member of the Communist Party's central committee.

Some profits do go to the FARC, which takes a cut of all crops grown in the areas they administer, including coca. They also put the squeeze on cartel middlemen by levying a 10 per cent transit "tax" on drug shipments passing through guerrilla territory. (These funds became more important to the FARC after it agreed to stop kidnapping for ransom as part of the 1984 peace accord with Betancur's government.) But the FARC does not "protect" cocaine laboratories, as Tambs charged after the Tranquilandia raid, and the State Department repeated in its March 1988 report on the world drug trade. After the fall of Tranquilandia the cartel moved its cocaine-refining operations either to ranches in the department of Antioquia or deep into the jungles on the Colombian-Brazil-Peru border. The "labs" occasionally raided by antidrug police in FARC territory are only the crude pits used by peasants to produce coca paste.

The narcos see bloodshed as the price of admission to the ruling class—a reasonable reading of Latin American history

The real functional relationship between the "fish" of the FARC and the "sea" of coca *campesinos* is turned upside down by US analysts yearning to confirm what the US Embassy in Bogota calls the "FARC-narc connection". Mark Steinitz, an officer in the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research has cited Bogota embassy sources who assert that the Colombian Communist Party endorsed "FARC's overall cooperative relationship with Colombia's drug barons" at its Seventh National Congress in 1982. The idea is far-fetched: In 1982 the Medellin cartel was carrying out a murderous assault on the left, including individuals associated with Colombia's four main guerrilla groups. Early on 12 November that year, three members of the leftist M-19 organisation seized the daughter of Fabio Ochoa Restrepo, patriarch of Colombia's first family of cocaine. The guerrillas demanded $12 million in ransom. The Ochoa kidnapping was the latest in a series of guerrilla attacks on rich narcos, and it infuriated them. A leaflet airdropped three weeks later over a Cali soccer game announced that traffickers were fed up with Communists preying on those "like us, who have brought progress and jobs to Colombia", and declared their intention to counter-attack with an underground army called *Muerte a Secuestradores* ("Death to Kidnappers"). It was a turning point in the political history of the cartel. "MAS represented the [drug] mafia's first organised expression in defence of its economic interests," says Senator Marulanda.

MAS assault teams promptly captured six M-19 guerrillas and Ochoa's daughter was released unharmed. MAS then broadened its focus from the M-19 in Medellin to leftists throughout the country. MAS death squads carrying identification from the army intelligence service rounded up and shot peasant and union leaders, progressive university professors and attorneys who defended political prisoners. Over the next five years hundreds of political killings would be attributed to MAS, including the murder of Toledo Plata, one of the top M-19 leaders. In February 1983 Attorney General Carlos Jimenez Gomez charged that among those involved in MAS were 59 active-duty army officers. The highest-ranking suspect was Lieutenant Colonel Alvaro Hernan Velandia, whose case sheds light on the murky narco/military convergence that underlies Colombia's present dirty war.

In 1982, Velandia, MAS, the FARC and the narcos were all active in the middle sector of the Magdalena River basin in the north-central region of Colombia. The narcos were buying up land abandoned by wealthy ranchers fleeing from the FARC. Velandia, an expert in counter-insurgency, was hunting the guerrillas. MAS was hunting guerrilla sympathisers. Ranchers, the military and MAS formed a "triangle of terror", according to Chilean sociologist Iban de Rementeri, who studied the violence in the middle Magdalena region. This three-way alliance has spread to all of Colombia, says historian Alfredo Molano. When leftists are murdered, "the [drug] mafia supplies the money [to hire gunmen], the military the arms and members of the local elites an air of legitimacy," he told a reporter earlier this year.

Velandia went on to head the army's highly secret Intelligence and Counter-Intelligence Batallion. He has been named by the leftist Patriotic Union (UP) as one of the masterminds of Colombia's dirty war. Velandia can look back with satisfaction on his efforts in the middle Magdalena; the FARC was pushed out of the area. The narcos, meanwhile, settled in. Two tsars of the cartel, Gonzalo Rodriguez Gacha and Pablo Escobar, own large haciendas in the middle Magdalena, and in May 1988 two enormous cocaine labs were discovered in the area. "MAS wiped out the guerrilla support network and created the conditions for the narcos to live there in peace," says Fabio Castillo, a Colombian journalist and author of the current best-seller *The Horsemen of Cocaine*.

MAS is dormant these days, but the narcos are still killing FARC sympathisers. There is well-documented evidence that cartel kingpins are involved in the dirty war against the UP. Nearly 600 party members have been gunned down since the UP was launched in 1984, after the FARC government peace pact. The common thread running through these crimes—none of them prosecuted—is the *modus operandi*. Unknown assassins arrive, murder their victims in well-planned, smoothly executed attacks and disappear. Such professionalism is the trademark of the *sicarios*, or paid killers, used by the cartel to murder rivals and defiant authorities, but the evidence of narco involvement in the dirty war is more than circumstantial. Government prosecutors have established that Rodriguez Gacha paid a band of

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six *sicarios* $120,000 to murder UP chair Jaime Pardo Leal last October. The element conspicuously absent from the government case is the motive.

To explain why a top trafficker would kill Colombia's leading leftist requires a step back. It is a matter of economics. The fixing of wages and prices by the FARC was a yoke around the neck of the narcos. "The mafiosos respected the guerrilla rules, but they didn't like them," says retired General Joaquin Matallana, an expert on both the FARC and the drug trade. The guerrilla burden was bearable when cocaine prices were rising, but in 1986, coca over-production swamped the US market. The wholesale price of a kilo of cocaine—$55,000 in 1983—had dropped to $22,000 by the end of 1986, beginning a downward slide that still continues. Traffickers decided it was time "to liberate themselves from the economic impositions of the guerrillas", says Matallana. Narcos linked up with military officers in a clandestine, anti-Communist alliance. Together they set their sights on the FARC's unarmed flank, the Patriotic Union. Eight party members were shot dead. The FARC counter-attacked by murdering six members of the Plata family, which handled the local coca trade for Rodriguez Gacha. This chain of violence finally reached to the top when Rodriguez Gacha contracted the murder of UP Leader Pardo.

A similar pattern of violence is starting to characterise the relations between cartel middlemen and the Maoist rebels of Sendero Luminoso ("Shining Path") in Peru's coca-growing Huallaga Valley. Sendero guerrillas moved into the valley in 1984, but it was not until last year that they became a major political force there. Interviews gathered during a five-day trip through the valley in May confirm that Sendero now dominates dozens of tiny villages and strongly influences several large towns. This was achieved by exploiting the contradictions of the drug economy. Some 20,000 families depend on coca cultivation to survive, and US attempts to eliminate the valley drug trade threw these farmers into "a panic", says Hugo Samanez, director of the valley's US-financed coca eradication project. The guerrillas provide a shield against the eradication effort while mitigating the abuses of cartel middlemen and their private armies. Like the FARC in Colombia, they take a cut of peasant coca production, and levy a transit "tax" on the buyers. And, like the FARC, Sendero has not traded its political goals for drug profits.

The guerrillas are in the Huallaga Valley because its forest canopy offers a secure place to carve out a liberated territory. "They have studied the Vietnam situation closely," says Gustavo Gorriti, a Peruvian journalist writing a book on Sendero, "and they consider the Upper Huallaga like the Mekong Delta. It's absolutely essential in their geopolitical thinking." With so much at stake, the guerrillas are carrying out a systematic campaign of eliminating all competing authority in the valley. The guerrillas, whose ideology is extremely puritanical, have warned peasants that they must eventually phase out coca cultivation which would pull the rug out from under the cartel. The Colombians have countered with the threat to organise an army against the guerrillas. Tensions erupted in a shootout last September when 100 guerrillas launched an attack on 30 traffickers holed up in a bunker in the town of Paraiso, according to General Juan Zarate, head of Peru's antidrug police.

Those who push the narcoguerrilla notion explain such shootouts as passing feuds rather than the first salvos in a war between staunchly opposed social forces. This fallacy derives from an ideological bias. The narcoguerrilla is less an analytical model than a political slogan. Former Ambassador Tambs, a fervent anti-Communist and close colleague of North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms, invented his "narcoguerrilla" only weeks before the Colombian government was to sign the first-ever ceasefire with the rebels there in May 1984. His announcement nearly sabotaged the peace process by giving the military an excuse to escalate the fighting. "This narco/guerrilla alliance is a new threat to democracy," explained Defence Minister General Gustavo Matamoros in March 1984, "and if we don't act rapidly and energetically, it could put our constitutional system in danger."

Four years later it could be said with certainty that what endangers the Colombian constitution is not the narcoguerrilla but the "triangle of terror" that first took shape in the middle Magdalena. There are persistent rumblings that this murderous alliance may seek a military solution to Colombia's "leftist problem". If there is a cocaine coup in Colombia, Washington will have some real "narcoterrorists" to deal with. And the phantom dreamed up by Tambs will have finally come to life. ●

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Chemical reaction

The polluters are getting away with murder. It's time we all learned to read the syntax of doom, says Alexander Cockburn

This has been a summer when, for the first time, many Americans are beginning to think that the prophets of catastrophe are right. The catastrophe in question is not the possibility of nuclear extermination, nor another collapse on Wall Street but a form of cosmic judgment summed up tersely with the newsflash: Mother Nature can't take it any more.

On the big July Fourth weekend officials had to close beaches in New York and New Jersey. Holiday-makers picked their way through the trash at the water's edge, gazed out at the sewage and toxins and listened to scientists suggesting that maybe popular expectations were too high and on the days when the pollution count was low enough to permit swimming beach-goers should get used to the medical wastes—syringes, needles, blood vials—that regularly wash up and are now a traditional part of the scenery.

Greenpeace Communications

Shortly thereafter newspapers and television screens featured shots of mountain tops in the Carolinas adorned with trees that have finally succumbed to acid rain, ozone imbalance and diseases of opportunity. Vermont's famous maples are not far from the same parlous condition. The stories about dead lakes, sewage-clogged harbours, dump sites of lethal industrial wastes, and the greenhouse effect, and 7000 dead seals in Europe, hit the headlines almost on a daily basis. You don't have to be a prophet of doom. Doom is here. See how it is spelled out in one instance.

A couple of weeks ago George Bush stood with Governor Tom Keane of New Jersey on a beach in Point Pleasant, NJ, and proclaimed "ocean dumping" a national tragedy. Those admiring Bush's moral fortitude in making a stand for clean water could have tempered such emotion with knowledge of—as the vice president is fond of saying—the way the world is rather than the way it should be. Lawrence Bathgate, a prominent lawyer who is finance chairman of the Republican National Committee, New Jersey state finance chairman for the Bush for President Committee and, according to a Bush campaign spokesman, "one of the campaign's single largest fundraisers" has also represented the interest of Ciba-Geigy, one of the most resolute polluters in New Jersey, with a well documented international record of outrageous conduct.

Fish released into Ciba-Geigy's waste water died within 48 hours

Every day, through a private pipeline running 10 miles from its dye and resin plant on Toms River, this huge Swiss-owned pharmaceutical company dumps more than four million gallons, or 17,000 tons, of waste into the Atlantic off Ortley Beach. From its own discharge permits to Ciba-Geigy, the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) is aware that at any given time the effluent may contain lead, chromium, chlorinated hydrocarbons and extreme carcinogens such as POBs and nitrogen-bearing compounds. Frank Livelli, a retired chemical company executive who lives near the pipeline, points out that four million gallons a day in only one year is equivalent to the volume of all the water between the sand beach and an imaginary line 150 feet into the surf, running for almost the entire coastline of New Jersey. And Ciba-Geigy has been dumping for more than 20 years.

For most of this period people living in the area were in ignorance of the pipeline's existence. Then, four years ago, the pipeline broke, ripping up the pavement in Toms River spewing all over a street. Alarmed local residents like Livelli, who later helped found Save Our Ocean, soon came upon a 1983 report by the state Department of Environmental Protection which noted that after testing the Ciba-Geigy effluent the federal Environmental Protection Agency had stated that never before had it seen waste with so great a potential for causing cancer, heart disease and birth defects. The people living near the plant, itself designated by the EPA as a "Superfund" site (that is, one of hundreds of particularly polluted spots throughout the US marked by the EPA for priority clean-up), provide grim statistics. The Emmanuel Cancer Foundation near Toms River works with 42 children in Ocean County who have cancer; 23 of them live in the Toms River area. Four children have died from a very rare form of brain cancer, medulablastoma; another, his face swollen with tumours, suffers from neuroblastoma, also unusual. At a public hearing earlier this year a woman testified that after swimming in the ocean near the pipeline every day during the first four months of her pregnancy, she gave birth to a child with a defective heart who died within two years. Other women speak of numerous miscarriages among their neighbours.

Ciba-Geigy officials deny the company's operations in any way endanger health and of course direct linkages between cause and effect are notoriously difficult to prove conclusively. But Ciba-Geigy can scarcely boast of the results of some of its own tests on the effluent. One common such test involves putting fish in a sample of waste water and seeing how they fare. In tests done in January and February of 1980, 100 per cent of the fish released into the sample of Ciba-Geigy's waste water died within 48 hours. In 1983 the company tested again. All shrimp tested died within 24 hours, most of them in the first 30 minutes. Ciba-Geigy maintains that the vent of the pipeline is sufficiently far offshore to ensure that the effluent washes out into the Atlantic, but every test ever done indicates that the waste stream released 2,500 feet offshore at the end of the pipe washes it towards the beach.

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Almost everything the company says must be viewed with scepticism. This is, after all, the same company that in chemical tests in 1976 hired six Egyptian boys to stand in a cotton field for $10 while a low-flying plane drenched them with pesticide. When this was exposed in 1982 the company said that the tests could have been done in Europe but "there is no cotton here and it's not the same social system. Perhaps it was wrong, we don't compare Egyptian children to European children." In 1978, in another infamous case, a Japanese court found that clioquinol, a Ciba-Geigy drug used to treat diarrhoea, caused a neurological disease that killed at least 1,000 Japanese and injured perhaps 10,000.

Internationally the company is marked as a major polluter, designated by Greenpeace as one of the worst sources of toxic waste dumped into the Humber in the UK, a legal dumping ground for more than 200 companies. In Basel, Switzerland, on the day before the devastating Sandoz spill in 1986, a Ciba-Geigy plant leaked about 100 gallons of atrazine, a highly toxic agricultural chemical, into the Rhine. A state environmental minister in West Germany, Gerhard Weiser, later said that the spill may have contributed to the vast kill of Rhine eels initially blamed on Sandoz. Ciba-Geigy had reported this spill, characterised by a Basel official as "a petty type of accident that occurs frequently".

Particularly disillusioning to Ocean County residents is the extent to which elected officials and those charged with the task of environmental protection have given Ciba-Geigy an easy ride. At a meeting with concerned citizens in 1984, the DEP commissioner said that if he found the company was contaminating the ocean he would close the beaches and not the pipeline. This May, in legislative hearings on a bill to outlaw the pipeline by 1 January 1990, officials from New Jersey's DEP actually testified on Ciba-Geigy's behalf, a posture that is truly startling when one reviews the company's record in the state.

In 1972 Ciba-Geigy was served with a 206-count indictment for polluting the Toms River and the Atlantic Ocean. The company agreed to build a waste-water treatment plant, so the indictment was dropped. This treatment plant may, as Ciba claims, be a state of the art facility for treating biodegradable wastes, but the Toms River operation barely deals in such wastes.

In 1978 both the state and federal environmental agencies recognised that there had been serious violations in some monitoring of the company's discharges. Ciba-Geigy assured them it would do better and the agencies looked the other way. At the same time, according to a 35-count indictment brought by the New Jersey state attorney general, the plant began accepting hazardous wastes from 57 corporate warehouses as well as from some non-Ciba operations throughout the country. It then, so the attorney general has charged, began to dump these wastes through the pipeline in violation of the law.

In 1984, acting on an inside tip, state police raided the Ciba-Geigy plant and found 14,000 barrels of liquid hazardous waste for which the company had no permit. A year later this discovery resulted in the 35-count indictment for defrauding and deceiving the DEP, falsifying documents in order to obtain and keep operating permits, and illegally dumping known and unknown hazardous chemicals through the pipeline, on its site and in its landfill. Four company executives were named as co-conspirators. This indictment is part of a continuing legal wrangle, so the state attorney general has since brought another indictment which has not yet reached trial.

Yet in 1985, while under an indictment and despite the fact that it did not meet the minimum standards set by the Clean Water Act and New Jersey state law, Ciba-Geigy got a new five-year permit from the DEP to sanction discharge of its effluent into the ocean. No doubt heartened by this compliance, the company this year—helped by Bush's man, Bathgate—applied for six new permits to bring to Toms River a pharmaceutical operation that has polluted the Pawtuxet River and the air in Cranston, RI.

While the people of Ocean County have been looking for support, New Jersey governor Keane has avoided all mention of chemical dumping. And in the life span of the administration in which Bush has served, the EPA had stood shoulder to shoulder with the polluters. Most elected officials in New Jersey have until recently not been much better. There has only been an understanding nod from one of the State's US senators, Frank Lautenberg, and not even that from the other, Bill Bradley. In May the state senate passed the pipeline bill but in July—at the urging of not only the pharmaceutical industry but also labour unions concerned about job loss—34 members of the state assembly abstained from an important vote, leaving the bill which would close the pipeline in limbo until September when sessions reconvene.

The Environmental Protection Agency had stood shoulder to shoulder with the polluters

This summer the air has been thick with announcements from politicians of their dedication to the public weal. Bush made his virtuous vows at the Atlantic's edge and earlier in the year Michael Dukakis stood in the same place saying the same thing. Such abstract talk is easy. Meanwhile, year after year, Ciba-Geigy's effluent, spills steadily into the sea, a reminder of the fact that it's one thing to talk about a better America and quite another to do serious battle with the forces that have made it worse.

Oh What A Lovely War

Despite ritual expressions of relief at the possibility of an end to the war between Iraq and Iran, many Americans have enjoyed the eight-year conflict pitting wog against wog and resulting in the elimination of satisfactorily huge numbers on both sides. Ted Koppel echoed this attitude exactly when he remarked on his popular programme, "Nightline", in February of last year, to the contenders' ambassadors. "If it weren't such a tragic situation in which so many people were dying, I'm sure that both of you could see there's a certain element of humour here. I mean, you are both accusing the United States of assisting the other side."

Such snickering would be understandable, at least from the arms merchants. Joe Stork, editor of the Washington-based *Middle East Report*, reckons such sales add up to $16 billion worth to Iraq and $9 billion worth to Iran. Suppliers, mostly impartial in the destination of their wares, have included the United States, the Soviet Union, China, France, Italy, East Germany, Switzerland, North Korea and Brazil. Libya joined Israel, Syria and Argentina in fortifying Iran, while Iraq was bolsterd by Jordan, Egypt, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Chile (which sent cluster bombs). Since 1983, when Iran began to gain advantage in the war, the United States has mostly fortified Iraq, and has additionally seen it become the largest recipient of US-subsidised grain sales—now worth about $1 billion a year.

The yield on this arms commerce has been 1 million dead, 1.7 million wounded, 1.5 million refugees—an aspect of the struggle glossed over by the *New York Times*, which once announced in an editorial that "The central issue is that Iran's revolution threatens moderate Arab regimes, the West's oil and stability throughout the region."

As the tilt of this disgusting sentence suggests, the prevailing view in the United States has been that Iran is the villain of the story, as opposed to the "stability" represented by the tyrannical sovereigns of Iraq, Saudi Arabia and the other despotisms of the region. The *Times* has talked of "Iran's war against Iraq" and the Ayatollah's "Holy War", even though it was Iraq that invaded Iran in 1980.

Iraq and its leader, Saddam Hussein, have enjoyed relatively genteel treatment from the Western press as being somehow more decent than the fundamentalist fanatics. Given the barbarity exercised by both regimes against their peoples, Iraq is probably the worse, a methodically totalitarian society. Amnesty International's 1987 report on Iraq talked about the "disappearance" of about 300 Kurdish children arrested in Sulaimaniya between late September and mid-October 1985. It also called for "an investigation into reports that some of the children had been tortured".

Amnesty International has also learned of hundreds executed in Iraq in 1986, many of them army deserters, members of banned political parties and students put to death summarily and without trial. On 4 November 1987, the Iraqi penal code was amended to include the death penalty for publicly insulting the president of the republic, the Ba'ath Party, or the government.

Even Iraq's use of mustard and cyanide gas did not reduce it to pariah status, though perhaps gas warfare no longer carries the opprobrium it once did, ever since the Israeli government started killing Palestinians in this fashion during the *intifada*. In this moral twilight the American left has let the largest US military deployment since Vietnam—in the Persian Gulf—pass without serious challenge. ●

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The prophet of privatisation

The Tory MP behind shares-for-all has world plans. Sarah Benton explains

It is worth getting to know John Redwood, MP for Wokingham, because unless the unexpected strikes he will be an influential man in politics. As head of N M Rothschild's international privatisation service (yes, such things exist) and of the Prime Minister's Policy Unit, he is, as they say, well in the frame. Now, aged 37, he has been an MP for just a year and according to informed opinion only failed to get a ministerial post in the reshuffle because his time and talents would be wasted on such a task.

One of his talents is for writing books. His seventh came out last week. It is called *Popular Capitalism* (Routledge £25) and sets out to demonstrate that the salvation of the world lies in privatisation. This is a perfectly serious proposition and is worth taking seriously for at least two reasons. First, because it is not just Tories who have been critical of state ownership and management. And second, because of the New Right's blind certainty that it represents the future. The liveliest lines of John Redwood's book are his last: "Popular capitalism is nothing short of a major world revolution. The politicians who try to resist it will be tossed aside like trees in a hurricane."

John Redwood is different from many of his cohorts in his desire to focus on the future. This separates him from, say, Norman Tebbit whose preoccupation with knocking the shit out of socialists binds him to a small patch of history. His task is done. Redwood also has experience of business and advising governments, and this separates him from those gung-ho libertarians who only brush against power at Institute of Economic Affairs conferences.

What he does have in common with the New Right is a vision of the world as engaged in an epochal battle between marxism and capitalism. With them he shares the difficulty of having to show that marxism has failed and yet still present it as sufficiently powerful to be the enemy which capitalism must defeat. This at least allows him to show that history itself will destroy the parties in between. "As we witness this fascinating struggle between popular enterprise capitalism on the one hand and the older creeds of socialism and marxism on the other, social democracy itself is getting squeezed. People now have to sign up and make a choice."

Popular Culture provides an insider's account of the origins of Britain's privatisation programme, a proposal for dealing with third world poverty and debt (in theory, the principal subject of the book) and a sketchy vision of the future role of government, from which one can deduce a vision of the role of politics.

Britain now leads the world in privatisation, an idea which is sweeping the world, Redwood asserts. Where parties have adopted these British ideas they are in the ascendant, and where they haven't they are in terminal decline. The book, incidentally, was written before Chirac's clearly inexplicable defeat in the French elections.

As many on the New Right rewrite history to give themselves a starring role in the origin of Thatcherism, Redwood gives himself a modest part as prophet. The defeat of Ted Heath in 1974 set him thinking about how such monopolies as British Coal and the miners' union could be undone. His more important role came later. Between 1979 and 1983 the idea of popular capitalism had not entered Cabinet thinking or party manifestos. Margaret Thatcher herself "was extremely timid about privatisation and about wider ownership". The programme began for pragmatic reasons—the need to raise money. From 1984 John Redwood was head of the Policy Unit and is credited with being the driving force behind privatisation. The idea of wider ownership was born from the labours to privatise British Telecom. It was a scheme to sell off enough shares without handing them over to large institutions, whose influence on the economy was already causing concern.

And this is where Mrs Thatcher's unique skills came in. Once she had been convinced of how economic need could be linked to political popularity she pursued popular capitalism "with a vengeance"—as Redwood says of her drive for home ownership. This is indeed a revealing insight into the key relationship between pragmatic rule and ideological propaganda in Thatcher's success.

It is on the basis of a belief in a property-owning democracy that Redwood constructs his much larger claims for privatisation. And these claims are pretty large. "This is a coherent world view" he says of them. "The ideas interlock. They address the core of the financial problem of the age, the over-indebtedness of many governments and companies.

His proposals for third world debt are simple in conception and complex in practice. Rather than banks rescheduling or writing off their debts, they should privatise them. That is, the bank sells a debt to a foreign company which wishes to invest in the debtor country. To attract the company, it offers the debt at a discount. In gratitude at getting its debt reduced, the debtor government swaps the investing company's money for local hard currency. If the scheme is to work, the investing company has to agree not just to grab the money and run. In return, the debtor government has to agree not to be too harsh on its foreign investors' desire to get their profits and, probably, their capital back home.

The schemes are new and their effect has not yet been assessed. In essence, Redwood is imagining a world economy in which everything has exchange value and private corporations take over from governments the business of managing all economies, first, second and third world.

So what does John Redwood, as a leading exponent of the New Right, believe about politics and government? He has the orthodox New Right view. It picks up where the theorists of the 17th and 18th century were overtaken by history. The function of government is to maintain an ordered society and a framework of law in which private interests resolve their conflicts through the law. The legitimacy of government comes from a property-owning democracy and the new share ownership allows us to return to that 17th-century principle. (He sees the enfranchisement of men with no property as necessary but second best.) Some of the implications are obvious: no equal opportunity laws for instance; state intervention in economic deprivation only in order to clear the way for private money, as in London's docklands. The replacement of rights, enforceable by the state, with the contract, enforceable by law. Indeed, the essential relationship between people is the contract, allotting all our actions exchange value. That leaves politics merely making laws to empower private investors.

Like the American New Right, Redwood believes popular capitalism to be essentially "democratic and anarchic". Yet this cannot square with his experience. As well as being a man of many talents, John Redwood is modest. He is a director of Norcros plc; "just a non-executive director" he told me, and Norcros is "oh, just an industrial company". In fact, he is the Chairman of Norcros, a very large company with a turnover last year of over £640 million. The company has a clear hierarchy which has sternly rationalised its business, exercising stringent controls the while. Employee share-ownership, which Redwood sees as the future's way of avoiding class conflict, has not risen above one third. Democratic? Anarchic? Of course not. But this is the growing private sphere in which a political defence of democracy, and rights, has no place.

In this bright new world, the functions of national government seem cut down to the protection of private investment and maintenance of domestic order. Perhaps it's in the search for more to do that such governments also tend to support repressive policies on things like homosexuality. ●

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LLOYD IN MOSCOW

Keep right on

John Lloyd

In the two to three weeks I have lived in Moscow, the following questions have been aired in the Soviet press and broadcast media, or have been the subject of pronouncements by leading party figures.

Q: Can a socialist state allow extensive market relations?

Q: Should workers be allowed to strike against a society which is run by and for the workers?

Q: Can a one-party state tolerate the emergence of a truly civil society?

Q: Can a party which must base its claims to legitimacy on having built something which can be called socialist, afford a wholesale criticism of its Stalinist/Brezhnevite past (exactly two thirds of the post-revolutionary period) — and can it stop critical revision at Stalin and Brezhnev?

Q: Can a state which has proposed itself for 70 years as the beacon of world socialism not support class struggle in the west, and national liberation movements which are hostile to western interests?

These issues have been raised before, of course, in the three-and-a-half years of Mikhail Gorbachev's secretaryship. But they are now taking a sharper, more urgent tone as Gorbachev himself, and the reformers about him, become increasingly impatient with an economy that faces greater shortages in many areas than for some years; a bureaucracy that still intervenes at every level to choke off new initiatives (or at least slow them down); and, perhaps, a people reluctant to leave the habits of body and mind under which, to repeat the old, good joke, "They pretend to pay us and we pretend to work".

Sharper, too, are the choices which now present themselves. For while Gorbachev has achieved much by storming the winter palaces of frozen thought and practice in these past three-and-a-half years, he has done so at the price of blurring questions which now demand to be settled both logically and, more importantly for him, politically.

Take one of the most urgent: Can the Soviet Union allow market relations which go beyond the very minor role that co-operatives play now? Gorbachev's last major speech, two weeks ago to the Central Committee Plenum, included constant and lengthy references to the need to encourage leasing—the leasing of land, buildings, machinery and equipment for up to 50 years to co-operatives, to allow them to get off the ground. The same meeting suspended, probably to kill off, a draft decree which would have set taxes on co-op profits at 90 per cent. Also under the law on co-ops, the co-operators—who could be as few as three—have the right to hire as many contract workers as they wish (in practice, most co-ops are presently small), paying what wages they agree among themselves. Does this not constitute capitalist relations of production?

This is not just the mischievous question of a western Social Democrat. Last week, Tatyana Subbotina, a Moscow-based economist, asserted in the newspaper *Socialist Industry* that co-ops under the present law were exploiting their contract workers by the very nature of the venture. Socialist relations must be maintained, she wrote "even if the result of . . . reform is an increase in production or improved quality of production". The article was put on the front page—articles do not get put on the front page of Soviet newspapers by accident.

Of most importance to the west is an emerging and fundamental disagreement on Soviet Foreign policy. The steady stream of western statesmen visiting Moscow (most recently the West German Foreign Minister, Hans Dieter Genscher, and the US Defence Secretary, Frank Carlucci) all pronounce themselves at least a little impressed with the sincerity with which the Soviet leaders are attempting to restructure foreign relations (though Carlucci added that he saw no signs of reduced expenditure on nuclear weapons).

Are there two wings to the reform movement? Will they fight for supremacy?

At a gathering of Soviet officials in the Foreign Ministry together with many of the Soviet ambassadors abroad, Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, said that, "the struggle between the two social systems (capitalism and communism) is no longer the decisive factor". This line has also been followed, if nowhere as baldly, by Gorbachev.

These statements have, of course, yet to be tested in the heat of events. Say, for example, Hungary liberalised its economy and policy to the point the pre-Gorbachev Soviet Union would have found intolerable, would it be intolerable now?

And over all of this reform hangs the ambiguous figure of Yegor Ligachev—number two in the Politbureau hierarchy to Mikhail Gorbachev himself. He is widely described as conservative. In this context that means a Communist—and that description seems justified, even though the Soviet commentators hate it when western reporters use such terms, which they say are imported from quite different political systems.

Last weekend Ligachev made a very important speech. Talking to a meeting of Gorky party activists, he warned against taking the western road in the economy, condemned all strikes and said that the Soviet mission abroad did not mean the "deceleration of the social and national liberation struggles".

Much of the speech could have been shoved into a Gorbachevian framework though with much pushing and pain. But his comments on international relations appear to be wholly opposed to the direction taken by Gorbachev and Shevardnadze. The more so since Ligachev felt constrained to remark that Gorbachev had reaffirmed the Soviet Communist Party's solidarity with the world's workers at the 19th party congress—a meaningless formality as he well knows and thus presumably put in as a disguise for his main purpose which was to counter the new line.

All of this poses a last difficult and urgent question. Are there two wings to the reform movement and will they sooner or later have to struggle for supremacy? Or does Gorbachev need Ligachev to voice a conservative view at the highest level to stop just such a split, by providing a smokescreen for the retreat on all fronts made essential by the weakness of the Soviet economy? If the latter, how much can Ligachev—and the very substantial conservative Communist block he represents—stand? Or if he is successful in limiting reform, will that mean that any new direction will be still-born in the coils of inertia and bureaucracy?

No government can maintain itself as a debating society. In the end decisions are taken which reflect a direction and these decisions once taken impose their own logic on the future. As the news service Tass put it in a recent blessed misprint "The toad to reform is not an easy one."

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LETTERS

Cut the sexism

To what level has *NSS* sunk when its review of books, "Goodnight, sour prince" (29 July), includes sexist crap about "diminutive" private parts and "in more senses than one, Windsor was simply not up to it"?

Let's have serious criticism, and leave that rubbish to the *Sun*. If the book doesn't merit it, then don't bother to review it.

Helen Miller
London N22

All my own thoughts

John Lloyd ("A party on probation", 29 July) is wrong in his assertion that I did not write my pamphlet *Beyond Social Ownership*.

Although it is fair to make a distinction between research and the thinking behind such a pamphlet, Bryan Gould had nothing whatsoever to do with it. He was, in fact, sent a copy at the same time as John Lloyd.

The thinking and strategy of the pamphlet was framed by me after last year's Labour Party conference where I identified, rightly or wrongly, a need for some plain speaking on the question of the British economy and the compartmentalised thinking of the party conference on policies.

My objective was to produce a strategy that the public could see clearly, and as a result have some confidence in the Labour Party's ability to manage the economy.

I have acknowledged in the pamphlet that I sought and obtained assistance with research and drafting. However, the arguments and conclusion are *entirely* mine.

Alan Tuffin, General Secretary
Union of Communication Workers

Forget prissy euphemisms

What on earth is wrong with the words "crippling" and crippled"? Why does Brenda Wilks (Letters, 22 July) regard them as "odious", "patronising" and "derogatory"? Why does she believe they "marred" David Widgery's fine defence of the National Health Service?

In the sixties and seventies, the promotion of mimsy euphemisms was a harmless enough pastime, but it achieved little of value. In a few cases it changed the words people used; but it didn't change attitudes, and it didn't change the underlying realities.

"Senior citizens" are no better off financially than old age pensioners, "Down's syndrome children" are as shabbily treated as mongols used to be, and the "economically disadvantaged" are still poor.

Faced with the harsh realities of the eighties, we need strong, clear, direct language. The Tories have learned to clothe their evil deeds in prissy euphemisms and equivocations; we must expose their nastiness in naked, robust terms.

Dermod Quirke
Halifax

Marriage in mind

Your diarist, Sean French, says (29 July), "The biggest laugh I've had recently was provoked by Maggie Brooks's interview with editor of the *Sunday Times*, Andrew Neil".

There is a Maggie Brown, media editor of the *Independent*, and there is a Richard Brooks, media editor of the *Observer*.

The *New Statesman and Society*, understandably, has marriage on its mind. But we are two separate people, promise.

Maggie Brown

Limited nuclear war

Professor Michael Howard expresses surprise that I should state ("Carry on regardless", 24 June) that the British government's view is that a limited nuclear war can be fought and won.

A source I cited was MoD evidence to the Foreign Affairs Committee, which stated that NATO had the capability and will to use substrategic (ie, theatre and tactical) nuclear weapons to induce the aggressor "to terminate his aggression and withdraw". The document concerned is Ref 3593 AC18, dated 6 April 1988, my quotation coming from paragraph seven of the annex entitled, "Nuclear Deterrence Post-INF".

Interestingly, the document elsewhere declares that NATO does not plan nuclear war—fighting at the strategic level with the object of achieving military victory. A distinction appears to be made

between global and theatre conflict.

More generally, the MoD's evidence to the committee does little more than confirm what is already known and has been NATO posture since the acceptance of the Flexible Response policy set out in MC14/3 on 16 January 1968. While MC14/3 remains classified, Senate and Congressional testimony over the past ten years has provided much of the detail of NATO's limited nuclear use plans.

NATO maintains two broad levels of possible nuclear release, selective response and general response. The former fits in closely with the MoD's submission and includes a wide variety of targeting options ranging from demonstration shots of no more than five low yield tactical nuclear weapons through to around 100 weapons in a so-called "corps package".

General response is all-out nuclear war, which even NATO appears to accept would not achieve victory.

Paul Rogers
Huddersfield

The Soviet bomb

Tom Bower dislikes the style of my film, *The Other Bomb* ("Who built the Soviet bomb?", 5 August). That is fair enough. But he should not accuse me of confusion, intended or not.

Every statement that Bower attributes to Riehl, in fact, was said by Wirths in the film. Thus it is Wirths, not Riehl as Bower maintains, who says in the film that the Soviet uranium technology was unsatisfactory. Bower then implies that this shows my confusion about the role of the spy Klaus Fuchs. However, the information from the United States used to remedy the weakness in Soviet uranium technology did not come from Fuchs but from a copy of the Smyth report, published in the US in 1945 and easily obtainable by the Soviet Embassy in Washington.

I took the question of the role of espionage very seriously and I believe I was right to claim that it was not crucial. Riehl says at the end of the film that the combination of espionage and assistance from the German scientists helped the Soviets by one or maybe two years, but no more. Most people with whom I have consulted agree with this.

A new Soviet film, *Risk II*, broadcast in Moscow on 28 July admits that Fuchs' information was important, but they do not argue that it was more important than research conducted into atomic physics by Joffe, Kurchatov and Flerov and others sent to Stalin at the same time.

Concerning Professor Riehl, Bower repeats in the review the implication contained in his book that Riehl went voluntarily to Moscow. Riehl claims that he was arrested and had no choice, and I believe this to be true.

Mike Rossiter
Debonair Productions

Voices from South Africa

It is quite untrue to suggest that the Anti-Apartheid Movement has a policy that "no South Africans may speak abroad" ("Frontlines", 22 July).

In fact, the AAM has been in the forefront of bringing to Britain South Africans, including doctors, who have worked with the United Democratic Front and the democratic movement in South Africa.

This was most clearly demonstrated by the conference earlier this year on Children, Apartheid and Repression in Southern Africa, where many South Africans came to give testimony about the torture of detainees. This was not to present academically the effects of the torture on the mind, but to speak with the aim of mobilising the British to heighten their activities to bring about the end of apartheid, and with it the end to this heinous treatment of apartheid's opponents.

Rachel Jewkes, Secretary
AAM Health Committee

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STATE OF THE NATION

Look west–and left

Anthony Barnett

Do you hear the sound of surfboards shifting? English opinion is on the move. For nearly a decade we have been told that all the action that counts is on the right. Leftwards, nothing of interest stirs. Now, suddenly, there is an unexpected renewal of interest in words like "community". And it is thanks to Washington not Walworth Road. A left-wing think tank is about to start business in London, with a mandate to "think the unthinkable". The key name that reverberated at its launch was Dukakis not Kinnock.

Alongside the slavish opportunism of the British political classes, there is also good political sense. Watching the Democratic party convention on TV, it became apparent that here really was a party of change and adaption. They have been painfully divided in the seventies but not pointlessly. There has been a renewal in what was previously a coalition of the northern city machines and the old South. You might think it was natural for the main party of the left to be about change. But British experience suggests otherwise. Here it is the Conservatives who have been dedicated to adaption, adjustment and transformation. They were famously so in the 19th century. In the 20th, the party of appeasement became the party of Churchill; the party of Empire became the pioneer of Europe (however belatedly, it led the way, while Gaitskell talked of a thousand years of island history). When Churchill's consensus politics failed to deliver, the Conservatives re-thought and reversed. Today, having crushed the Carthage of the labour movement, they try to plough salt into the ground where its communities once stood, that they might never grow again.

Labour, by contrast, is a party that seeks to preserve its "rightful place" in British society. Hence also its desire to preserve the basic institutions of this society itself, even when these ensure a fundamentally inhospitable political order.

Thus while it is easy for the left over here to sneer at the US it may be foolish to do so. Jackson is a religious populist, Bentsen a right-wing militarist and Dukakis takes himself alarmingly seriously. But hell, they all want to win the Presidency of the United States and its 300 billion-dollar military budget. It is a category mistake to condemn them as if they wanted to be something else. Allowing for this, when I looked at the three of them on the platform with the party cheering them to victory, I asked the natural question. Britain has its Kinnock and Hattersley. Or even its Smith and Healey if you want a more credible look-alike to Dukakis and Bentsen. But who is its Jesse Jackson? Where is Labour's representative of the new, third force of modern radicalism?

In his address to the convention, the one hailed by Jimmy Carter as the best speech he'd ever heard in his life, the speech that confirmed Jackson as a major political force, capable of turning his support into the language of power, Jackson endorsed the needs of "gays and lesbians". And the hall cheered . . . It wasn't suicide, it was good sense. In America.

It would be good sense here, too, to face down prejudice with some populism. But the moment you say this, the answer to my question is clear. The Labour politician who personifies the coalition novelty of our southern cities is Livingstone. Ken can hardly become leader of the present Labour Party. Not least because he is hated like no other by Labour's representatives in Westminster. Even if this indicates that he has the potential of a great Prime Minister, for the time being it puts him out of the running.

Jackson endorsed the needs of "gays and lesbians". And the hall cheered...It wasn't suicide, it was good sense. In America

Nonetheless, the Labour leadership ought to be running for him. The incorporation of the kind of politics he pioneered, and the openness to the left that he practised, is essential for a renewed Labour Party.

It may be slavishness, but it is also a quality of the English right that it is capable of learning from the American experience. If it ships the wrong examples across the Atlantic (as Christopher Hitchens argued recently in the *Observer*), that gives the left in the UK a chance to import some good ones. Yet for the left to learn from America means to learn—but really learn—from the English right. Its thinking is far more shallow than the fashion has it. But it is politically effective in ways that the considerable intellectual effort on the left in the UK has clearly failed to be. The key factor here is not just the existence of new thought, but the openness of political parties to accept and consider the new thinking.

Already, there is a danger that calls for new thinking on the left are becoming so frequent they will soon be regarded as old hat. There is no limit to the renewal of packaging (something I realised when Eveready Batteries appropriated the slogan "Power to the people"). There is, however, a limit to people's toleration of repackaging. Serious thought about the role of the state in the economy after privatisation, for example, is all well and good. It is most important. In one sense it is indeed an issue of substance rather than a matter of mere presentation. But it will not point the way to new alliances or a new political momentum. Genuine re-thinking means more than a new batch of policies. It means a different political strategy. It means *acting* differently. Which is much more unthinkable than merely thinking the unthinkable.

It is easy to sense when a new strategy is genuinely under consideration. The process begins with criticism of the old strategy as a whole. Hence the signal importance of Keith Joseph's 1974 declaration that post-war conservatism was misconceived. It opened the way to new policies on the right because it broke with the fundamental attitudes of the post-1945 tradition.

Labour has not suffered from a lack of its own Josephs. Dr Owen and Tony Benn have both argued that Wilsonian-style, modernising labourism was ill-conceived. In both cases messenger and message have been rejected by the Party. In another way the GLC experience also drew a line with the past. Lots of it was awful; lots of it, indeed, was transatlantic. I said so vigorously in the *New Statesman* and was attacked in County Hall for giving comfort to the enemy.

But the GLC abandoned the macho emphasis on production and the stilted appeal to constitutional responsibility of traditional Labourism. It was both a critique and a search for a new strategy and new alliances on the left. It was the unthinkable in action. Perhaps those who dismiss Livingstone so lightly today should recall how recently the sophisticated sneered at Jackson.

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Doing a GLC on Scotland

Some Scottish Conservatives, frustrated at their failure in local government, want the upper tier abolished. Some Labour politicians even agree. Steve Briggs reports

Conservatives in local government in Scotland are now an endangered species. In successive local elections over the last five years for membership of regional and district councils, they have been resoundingly defeated. Of the 65 authorities, they control the derisory total of three— all, in relative terms, insignificant district authorities. None of Scotland's major cities is Tory-controlled, not even that most conservative of places, Edinburgh, which fell to Labour in 1984 and remained so earlier this year.

So far the Tory response to this has been muted. But attempts are now being made to persuade the government to "do a GLC" to the big Scottish Labour-controlled authorities. Earlier this year at the Scottish Conservative conference, a resolution was overwhelmingly agreed which proposed to reform Scotland's two-tier local authority system and replace it with a single tier of multi-purpose authorities.

The sponsors of the motion, the Conservative Constitutional Reform Forum, envisage that about 30 to 35 such authorities would be appropriate, and they suggest that one each would be required by the major cities and that the remainder would each govern a population no larger than 150,000 people.

In fact the Reform Forum sponsored two resolutions at the conference, and the other, which interlocked neatly with the one agreed, was defeated by a huge margin. The defeated resolution called for the establishment of a Scottish Assembly. If an Assembly is created, so the argument runs, the people will rebel at the prospect of yet another tier of government and accordingly reform would be needed.

Curiously, there is agreement between the two major parties in Scotland (assuming that the Tories remain a major party north of the border, which is doubtful) that the abolition of two tier local government would certainly be necessary in the event of the emergence of an Assembly, and might be a good idea in any case.

Douglas Corrance

Many Scottish Tories would dearly love to decapitate Scottish local government

But that agreement may be as fragile as the prospect is abstract. For John Mulvey, Labour leader of Lothian Regional Council based in Edinburgh which in the early eighties engaged in a lengthy, bitter and ultimately unsuccessful fight with the then Secretary of State for Scotland on spending plans, the critical question about the proposed reforms is where the motivation stems from.

Mulvey thinks he knows why Tory enthusiasm for reform has surfaced: "The government's motivation for moving towards one-tier local government in Scotland has nothing to do with more efficient delivery of services. It has everything to do with what they have done with great success South of the border, that is to attack and abolish those local authorities that they cannot win democratic control of. They have found this difficult in Scotland because there is an identifiable level of public support, even media support, for what Scottish local government does. Therefore they have to try to find another vehicle to achieve the same ideological objective."

Struan Stevenson, Tory leader of Kyle and Carrick District Council in the West until May this year, and a leader of the Reform Group, denies this. In a speech delivered last month to the non-party political Regional Studies Association, he said: "I do not believe that our poor representation in Scottish local government is the primary reason behind our desire for radical reform, nor would it be a good reason."

But later in the same speech, however, he went on to say: "I think that the time has come to apply the GLC solution to our Scottish local authorities." Many Scottish Tories would dearly love to decapitate Scottish local government, not because they share Stevenson's pragmatic view that something better is needed, but because they sincerely loathe Labour's new municipal hegemony.

The key issues at the heart of the argument about reform are, or should be, accountability and the delivery of services. John Mulvey and Struan Stevenson agree that the

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division of responsibilities between the districts and the regions leaves something to be desired. Regional councils are responsible for education, transport and social work—the three major services that have significant and visible impact on the electorate. District councils have responsibility for housing and recreation. Both tiers have planning and economic development responsibilities and each has a number of other important areas to look after.

Stevenson—who favours reform more strongly than Mulvey— believes that it is crazy to have, in particular, housing controlled by one layer of government and social work by another. There is an obvious interface between the two, but there are two weaknesses in the argument: people who live in council accommodation do not all require social work assistance, neither do all those who use social services live or want to live in council accommodation. That housing and social work are linked in peoples minds could be seen as a comment on the observer's own pathological paternalism.

The second argument is put by John Mulvey. He points out that in the last eight years during which time Edinburgh District Council has been both Labour and Tory-controlled and during which same period Lothian Region has also been run by both parties, co-operation between the two authorities has been very effective, irrespective of which parties have controlled which tier. Mulvey also points out that if both services were controlled by the same tier arguments could emerge as to which budget spending on joint projects should come from.

For John Mulvey, the Achilles' heel of the argument for retaining the present structure is supplied by the existence of the huge Strathclyde Region. Put simply, Strathclyde is too big. It houses half of the population of Scotland, around two million people, and covers a vast area. Some parts of the region take in excess of five hours to reach. It is the perfect example of an authority remote from many of the people it was created to serve.

But that weakness does not prompt Mulvey to argue that reform should be pushed up the political agenda. He, in common with many of his colleagues in local government, remains preoccupied with dealing with the week to week problems of running Scottish local government. And while he does, the Struan Stevensons of the country, from their relatively new and uncomfortable positions on the sidelines, are left to chart a new course for local government, and, presumably, their own return to its helm.

"Mediocre, to say the least"

The Enterprise Allowance Scheme isn't all it's cracked up to be, reports Judy Hirst. Even the man who claims to have invented it has his doubts

Last month's birthday breakfast in honour of the Enterprise Allowance Scheme's fifth birthday was an occasion for much self-congratulation. Employment Secretary Norman Fowler cut a cake; croissants were served and the coffee flowed. There was a trip to Brixton with the minister-for-small-firms, John Cope, to show governmental concern for the inner cities.

The popularity of the EAS with ethnic minorities was a recurring theme of the day's festivities. "It gives them a stake in the country, er, that is, in the economy," said Cope. The participation rate of black people on the EAS was thought to be a particularly good thing.

But this claim, along with a number of others made for the scheme, demands closer inspection. Launched in 1983, the EAS is one of a number of options offered to unemployed people to get them off the dole. In return for evidence of £1000 start-up capital, anyone who has been out of work for over eight weeks, and with an idea for a new business (so long as it's in reasonably good taste), can qualify for a (taxable) EAS allowance of £40 per week for one year.

The Employment Secretary says the scheme has proved a great success. By "replacing dependency with self-reliance" it has helped 350,000 unemployed people to start their own firms. Two years on, two thirds of them are still in business—helping create new jobs, he says.

That's the theory. But there are many who question this "story of remarkable initiative and achievement". As with most Thatcherite bright ideas, it's hard to be sure who originally thought it up, but one man who can reasonably claim to have been the brains behind the EAS is Dr David Storey, Head of Research at Warwick University's Small Business Centre, who suggested an EAS prototype in the early eighties. The aim of his proposed scheme was merely to "rectify an anomaly" in the benefits system which prevented claimants from earning more than 50p a day. Instead, the EAS has become "the flagship of the government's enterprise culture"—a role about which Dr Storey says he has serious doubts.

First, there is the crowding out, or displacement, factor. The market for car mechanics, hairdressers, window cleaners and odd-jobbers is saturated already, he says: often all that happens when an EAS business starts up in the small-scale service or retail sector is that it pushes out another, non-subsidised firm. It is widely acknowledged that for every two EAS firms created, a non-sponsored one goes to the wall.

Secondly, says Dr Storey, even the Department of Employment's own research shows that around half of the businesses that start up with EAS subsidies would have done so anyway. This produces a "dead-weight" effect, whereby public money is laid out without any visible economic return.

As for claims about the EAS creating new jobs, it is unclear just how this is being measured: are the additional jobs full or part-time; were the new employees unemployed in the first place? Dr Storey is sceptical about official claims—pointing out that in the economy as a whole, only a tiny proportion of small firms generate substantial numbers of jobs.

The hype surrounding the EAS has succeeded in obscuring many of the less palatable facts about the enterprise culture: for example, the fact that most EAS entrants end up working over 60 hours per week, and rely heavily on the unpaid labour of spouses and other dependants; or that many get into heavy debt as a result of going on the scheme; or that two thirds of those who give up after 18 months end up back on the dole. Nor is it widely publicised that the highest EAS take-up rates are in areas with the lowest unemployment levels, like the South-East and South-West: most potential entrants in high unemployment regions— particularly the long-term unemployed —are not in a position to raise the £1000.

Claims for the success rate of the EAS are based on very narrow statistical samples. The much-publicised figure of a two thirds survival rate after two years is based on a December 1987 Manpower Services Commission survey of fewer than 700 respondents. And in March 1988, the Department of Employment claimed that 74 per cent of participants were still going strong six months after leaving the EAS—despite the fact that only 2,300 out of 4000 had answered an MSC questionnaire. As for the suggestion about the EAS's popularity with ethnic minority groups— 92.5 per cent of those surveyed in the two samples were white.

The expansion of the EAS—from 30,000 to 93,608 entrants per year from 1984 and 1988—is not in doubt. What is debatable is the reason for the scheme's growth. The Department says it reflects growing popularity for the "be your own boss" philosophy: yet a majority of EAS participants have made it clear that they only go on the scheme because they cannot find paid work. The steep rise in EAS take up rates since 1987 has also coincided with the introduction of Restart counselling and stringent "Availablity for Work" questionnaires: going on the EAS may be just one of a number of ways to get the Claimant Adviser off your back.

Most important has been the growth of self-employment, by more than a million in the past decade, as part of the general shake-out in the economy. This has happened independently of the EAS. Most newly self-employed workers are not in the position through choice: many have recently been made redundant, or have been "sacked" or re-employed on a contractual basis by firms looking to cut labour costs and sidestep employment protection laws.

The EAS has had a less than enthusiastic reception in Brixton. The local Job Centre held an Enterprise Allowance Day recently: according to the staff, the response was "mediocre to say the least. We're supposed to be targeting ethnic minorities, said a spokesperson, "but most black people don't stand a chance of raising the capital with the banks."

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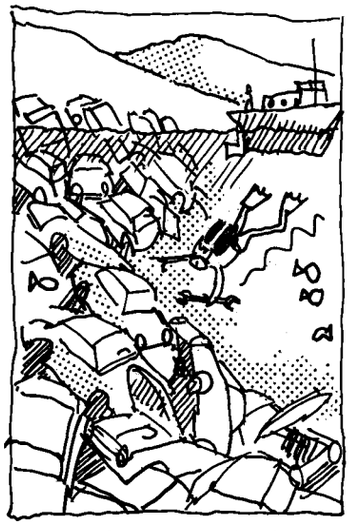
Cashing in on rural detritus

In the old days, there was no such thing as an abandoned car in the countryside. When a vehicle finally became immobile it was put on bricks and cannibalised for spare parts.

With increasing affluence it's not so easy. Abandoned cars are now a real headache. Their scrap value is limited because they are made of the wrong sort of metal—the price of which fluctuates—and are expensive to dispose of. They are eyesores, and potential deathtraps for children who see them as attractive playthings. Petrol, oil and battery acid are dangerous and polluting.

On the Shetland Islands, where the traditional solution was to ditch the wreck into the sea, it's a bigger problem than you might think. For



the past four years, the Shetland Amenity Trust, which has taken it upon itself to deal with the cars, has collected up to 700 vehicles a year, and Rick Nickerson of the Trust reckons that private scrap merchants have probably matched that figure. Dealers are subsidised by the local authority, and the Trust is financed by the oil industry.

Norway recognises the problem and has an intelligent way of dealing with it: it pays 1000 kroner (about £100 to anyone who takes an old car to an authorised scrap merchant. The money is actually a refund, because a similar deposit is included in the price of all new vehicles.

The Trust don't feel that they can continue to deal with the problem on their own indefinitely, and are asking the government to institute a scheme similar to the Norwegian one. Their MP, Jim Wallace, has taken up the matter with Mrs Thatcher and the roads minister Peter Bottomley, and has received cautious encouragement. According to Nickerson: "We're hoping that a proportion of the existing car tax could be used to finance this scheme. Obviously in the first year there would be an influx of old wrecks so the government might have to fund it until the new cars become scrap. The idea to create an incentive to the person who owns the vehicle to get it to the scrap merchant before it's deteriorated to the point where it can't be moved."

Jolyon Jenkins

Do condoms increase Aids risk?

Ninety per cent of sexually active people still feel inhibited about buying condoms, according to James Tye, the irrepressible director general of the British Safety Council. To help them over their embarrassment he has thoughtfully designated this National Condom Week. "We have to change the situation if the battle against Aids is to be effective," he says.

One person unlikely to be impressed is the Chief Rabbi, Immanuel Jakobovits. He has condemned the government's Aids prevention policy as immoral because it "tells people not what is right but how to do wrong and get away with it."

But will promoting condoms help people "get away with it?" Risk experts have their doubts. The problem is the phenomenon of "risk compensation". Motorists, for example, tend to slow down at a sharp bend. But if the bend is straightened the speed of traffic increases. It slows again in icy conditions; but cars fitted with studded tyres tend to travel faster.

In other words, as the Canadian psychologist, Gerald Wilde, has argued, we each appear to have our own personal risk thermostat. Alter the environment to reduce a source of risk and we tend to adopt riskier behaviour. We don't *want* to be safer.

Applied to sex the implications of this theory are alarming. If people feel safer using condoms it could encourage them to sleep around more. But condoms have a failure rate of about 10 per cent a year in preventing pregnancy; they are likely to have a higher failure rate in preventing Aids. The net effect, therefore, could be that the wider use of condoms *increases* the spread of AIDS.

There is a counter argument: that people will find sex with a condom so unexciting it will put them off altogether. But their health will then depend on what they do instead. If they take up sky-diving there is unlikely to be a net saving of life.

Jeremy Laurance

Men want help with violence

The late night LWT series *Men on Violence*, which explores the relationship between masculinity and violence—especially sexual violence and violence in families—seems to have touched a popular nerve.

Vanessa Engle, who works for LWT's community unit, has put out four colour posters using popular figures and language to bring home to men that violence is a problem, and to advertise a questionnaire. They have been distributed nationwide to libraries, doctors' surgeries, marriage guidance councils and Citizen's Advice Bureaux. Fifteen breweries are distributing them to thousands of pubs.

They ask men the pattern, frequency and target of their violence and ask if they need help. According to Engle, the response has been remarkable. "I'm inundated with requests for the poster and questionnaire. Men are writing in about their own violence asking for help. Some letters are quite desperate, but there is nowhere to refer men on to."

Engle hopes that when the series ends on 21 August, LWT will use its influence and resources to attract funds for a national helpline similar to Childline—something that's already happening in America.

But stopping men's sexual violence will also need a growth in local groups and self-help organisations, and a recognition that men's violence is a complex phenomenon with many causes.

J.A. Rutherford

WELFARE WATCH

How effective are the social security appeal tribunals?

When the first paragraph of a new periodical refers, without explanation, to the HASSASSA Act, NILTs, SBATs, SSATs and OPSSAT, you can assume that it is aimed at a specialist readership. Even the journal's title is enough to deter the casual reader. But don't be put off. *OPSSAT News* (free, from OPSSAT, Almack House, King St, London SW1Y 6QW) is an absorbing read for anyone interested in the benefit appeals system (and what reader of this column is not?).

OPSSAT is the office of the president of social security appeal tribunals. The president himself, Judge Byrt, was appointed four years ago to oversee the tribunals which, though independent, had until then been far too closely identified with the DHSS.

Those four years have not been easy. As the president notes, the partial withdrawal of single payments in August 1986 resulted in a 76 per cent increase in the number of appeals between July 1986 and March 1987. The final abolition of single payments in April 1988 was preceded by another spate of take-up campaigns and another flood of appeals still being heard by the tribunals.

The increased volume of appeals was not the only problem created for tribunal members by the 1986 amendments. Having volunteered to serve on a tribunal from a wish to see justice done to their less fortunate fellow citizens (only the tribunal chairmen are paid for the work), it was offensive to be asked to administer harsh and irrational regulations.

How, to take a typical example, could any tribunal explain to an incredulous appellant that she could not have a payment for floor covering for her new home because her previous much smaller home was unfurnished? Whatever else may be said of the move from regulation-based single payments to discretionary social fund payments, it will relieve the tribunals of the need to make such decisions, which they have found increasingly distasteful.

The first issue of *OPSSAT News*, while recording the real progress made in establishing the tribunals' independence and improving their performance, is far from uncritical. A tribunal chairman, Jim Potter, reporting on a survey in the south-west and Wales, criticises adjudication officers for presenting tribunals with "bare assertions unsupported by adequate evidence or, indeed, in too many instances, by any evidence".

One of the most challenging articles is by a social security commissioner, Mr Ray Sanders. He proposes that instead of the 650 part-time chairmen—mostly local solicitors "with little or no experience in their own practices of social security matters"—there should be a much smaller team of full-time professional chairmen.

He also suggests that the two other members of each tribunal should no longer be expected to provide their services without payment and should get more than the occasional elementary training sessions they receive at present. But of course, as a tribunal member, I would, wouldn't I? *Tony Lynes*

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Psychiatric delusions

Dr David Hill, director of Mind in Camden, questions recent reports that a "schizophrenia gene" has been discovered

Beverley Levy

Most of Britain's reputable newspapers have recently reported a research study claiming to have discovered a gene which causes "schizophrenia". One even carried the story on its front page and illustrated it with photographs of "Ripper Sutcliffe and Reagan attacker Hinckley." But associating the thousands of people already suffering from the stigma of being labelled "schizophrenic" with rapists and murderers is not only inaccurate but profoundly damaging. The newspapers also discussed whether the finding would justify selective abortions of "affected foetuses"—a line of argument normally associated with the Eugenics movement.

Those papers that avoided sensationalising nonsense have, nevertheless, given credence to some long-standing and dangerous psychiatric mythologies. On the basis of an unpublished study the impression that what psychiatrists call "schizophrenia" is an illness with a biochemical and/or genetic cause has been significantly reinforced. Unfortunately, the research in question has not been made available for examination and that the lead researcher, Dr Hugh Gurling, is declining to comment; so no one has been able to tell whether this study is as methodologically flawed as all the previous "discoveries" of the cause of schizophrenia.

"Schizophrenia" remains nothing more than an endless list of broken social norms

The consistent inadequacies of this line of research have been repeatedly demonstrated. To believe in a biochemical or genetic explanation of this so-called illness it is necessary to explain why psychiatrists are unable to reach agreement about who is and who is not a "schizophrenic". Many of the biochemical differences between schizophrenia and "normals" have subsequently been shown to be caused by the very chemicals which are used to "treat" the illness. Genetic research, focussing on twins and adopted children, has consistently demonstrated, if anything, that environmental factors play a greater role than any inherited component. The various "discoveries" that have preceded that of Dr Gurling have included the findings of large amounts of a tannine metabolite in hospitalised patients (subsequently explained by the massive amounts of tea consumed in psychiatric institutions) and the revelation that "schizophrenia" is a virus.

Journalists covering the latest story were told that an account of this latest "discovery" would be published in the August edition of the science journal *Nature*. But when I phoned the journal I was told that no decision about publishing the story in the August edition, or any future edition, had in fact been made.

To clarify, and still in hope of obtaining a copy, I rang Dr Gurling at the Middlesex Hospital, and asked him for a copy. He explained that this was not possible because "it's unavailable." Why? "Because it's still being finalised," he said. "But I understand it has already been submitted to *Nature*." Gurling, though, would answer no more questions.

Regardless of whether this study is eventually considered worthy of publication by *Nature* or any other scientific journal, the damage has already been done.

"Schizophrenia" was invented around the turn of the century by Emil Kraepelin and Eugen Bleuler. The original list of symptoms—and there are hundreds of them—included: "They conduct themselves in a free and easy way, laugh on serious occasions, are rude and impertinent towards their superiors, challenging them to duels; they go about in untidy and dirty clothes, unwashed, unkempt, go with a lighted cigar into church, speak familiarly to strangers, and decorate themselves with gay ribbons." Others considered to have this new illness were "active writers, world improvers, health fanatics and founders of new religions."

Today, as then, "schizophrenia" remains nothing more than an endless list of broken social norms. It's hardly surprising that psychiatrists continue to argue about who is and isn't schizophrenic. Yet they continue their obsessive quest for the biochemical or genetic causes. They will never find it. They would stand a better chance of finding the cause of being a Christian, a Socialist or a Tory.

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"Last Tuesday I went to see Mr Horatio Bottomley. On this occasion he was not in trouble, but his daughter Fiona had been caught nicking some head scarves from Harrods and a social enquiry report was required.

"Come in Mr Parkinson," said Bottomley from behind a haze of cigar smoke, "Can I get you a good stiff drink?" In a trice he had ripped away my role of probation officer and turned me into an obligated guest. "Thank you, no," I said, feeling the feeble stiffness of my refusal.

"Children between fifteen and twenty are quite insane, wouldn't you say, Mr Parkinson?" he now reflected while his hand authoritatively directed me towards an enormous armchair. I perched nervously on the edge; Mr Bottomley knocked back a large Scotch, told me that Fiona was a little imp—"but damned loveable, you know"—then stared at me. I couldn't think of one question to ask.

Mr Bottomley is an imposter. In his time he has set up bogus businesses by the score and peeled off thousands. He usually hired a suite of rooms in a grand hotel, stuffed them full of flowers, booze, salmon sandwiches and big-bosomed maids then awaited the arrival of carefully selected victims. A confident macho image and a bundle of bogus financial statements did the rest.

My appearance on the scene that afternoon could have hardly constituted anything more than a sniff for all-hearty, all-munificent, all-talk Mr Bottomley. And as I finally moved to depart, he didn't hesitate to tell me what I should recomend for young Fiona; "Give her the sting of a small fine, eh Mr Parkinson?" I muttered, "Probably, yes," and reluctantly knew he was probably right.

Back at the office Mr Pickwick was waiting for me. Mr Pickwick is also a con man but from a very different stable. He usually ponces off middle aged women with wealth.

At the present time Mr Pickwick is waiting to appear in court charged with hitting a widow on the nose with a saucepan. It seems rather an uncharacteristic gesture. "I did it in a moment of panic," he explained, "You see, she suddenly accused me of stealing her wedding ring!"

"And did you?" I asked.

Mr Pickwick did not reply; he just stared at me like dying Caesar—"Et tu, Parkinson?"

Mr Pickwick is full of charm. And although his charm, like most charm, is a substitute for character, it is still charming. Certainly I quite like dealing with him. And that perhaps is why, in his own way, he's more of a menace than the bloated, bombastic, unbearable Mr Horatio Bottomley."

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DATABASE

Immigration

Last week, the 1988 Immigration Act came quietly into effect. According to the Home Office, the act consists of "relatively minor" changes to immigration rules, intended to update the 1971 Immigration Act by closing up any remaining "loopholes".

Several key changes include a requirement that all applications based on a right of abode in the United Kingdom must be fully-substantiated using a British passport or certificate of entitlement. Male British and Commonwealth citizens marrying a non-British citizen must now be able to prove to immigration officers that the primary purpose of marriage was not for immigration reasons; and that they can support their partner.

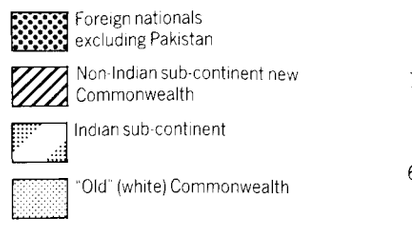
Last year, the number of persons accepted for settlement in the United Kingdom reached their lowest level since Commonwealth citizens first became subject to immigration control in 1962. 46,000 were accepted for settlement in 1987 compared to over 80,000 in the mid-1970's.

Indian sub-continent immigrants accounted for 34.6 per cent of all immigrants in 1977. By 1987 this had fallen to 25.3 per cent. During the same ten-year period the percentage coming from "white" Old Commonwealth immigration rose from 9.5 per cent to 15 per cent; other foreign acceptances increased from 27 per cent to nearly 40 per cent.

Fiances given limited leave to enter the UK from the Indian sub-continent now face heavy restrictions. In 1977, 2900 were allowed entry for a limited period. Last year, this figure had dropped to 680. Significantly, outstanding applications for leave to settle from wives and children from the Indian sub-continent —in other words, the waiting list—fell sharply between 1977 and 1987, from 38,200 to 13,900. But the number of outstanding applications from husbands and male fiances actually *rose* in the same period—from 180 to 2,000.

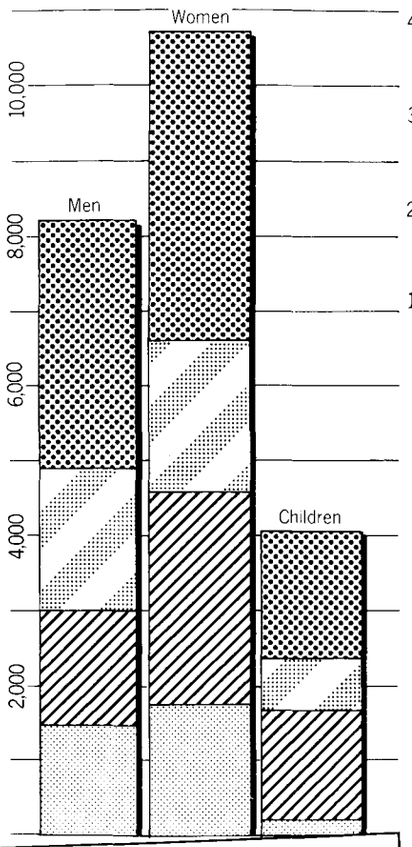
Visa requirements were extended in 1985-86 to Sri Lanka, India, Bangladesh, Ghana and Pakistan —the first time for Commonwealth citizens—and in 1987, to Nigeria.

The removal in 1992 of barriers between EEC states may have implications for immigration levels from outside the EEC. It is likely that immigration from Africa, the West Indies, and the Indian sub-continent especially will be further reduced as a result of harmonisation of immigration rules. *Stephen R. Johnson*



Recent settlements

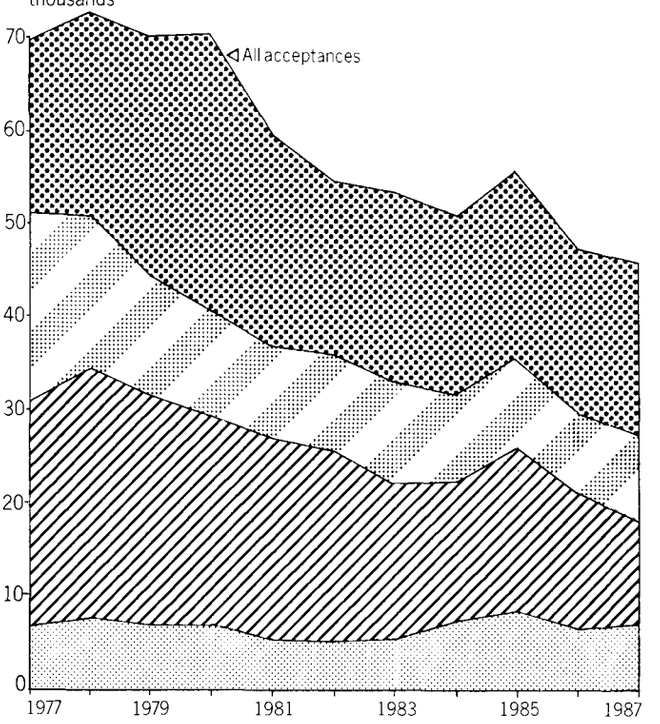
Total acceptances for settlement in UK, 1987



Settlements

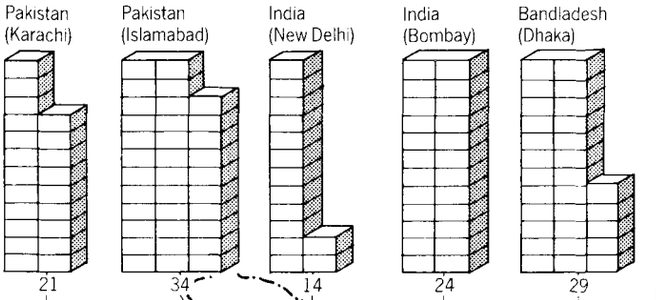
thousands

Acceptances on entry and on removal of time limits



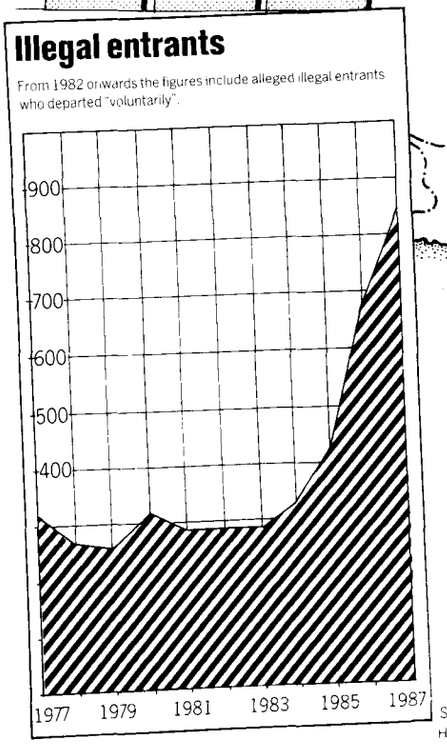
Waiting times

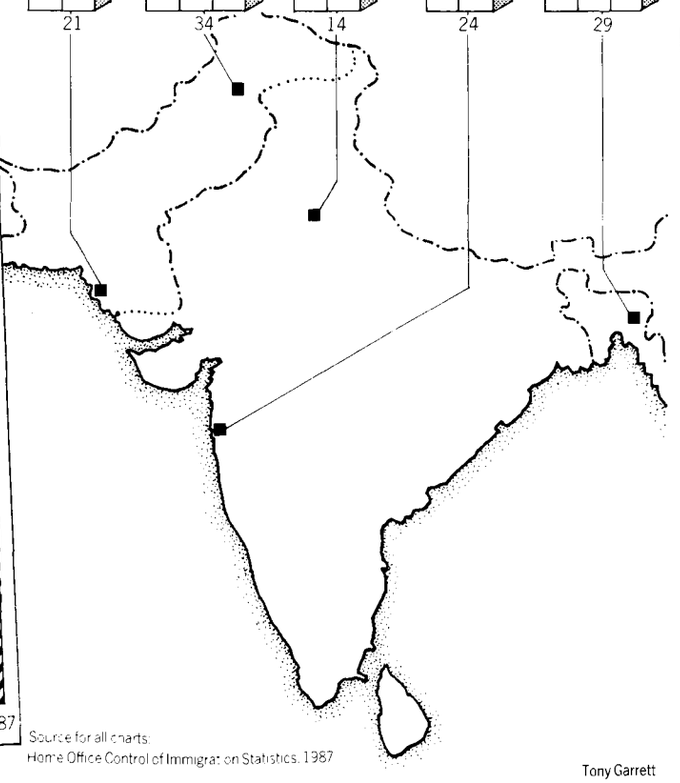
Months to first interview for spouses and children under 18 wishing to settle in UK 1987



Illegal entrants

From 1982 onwards the figures include alleged illegal entrants who departed "voluntarily".





Source for all charts: Home Office Control of Immigration Statistics, 1987

Tony Garrett

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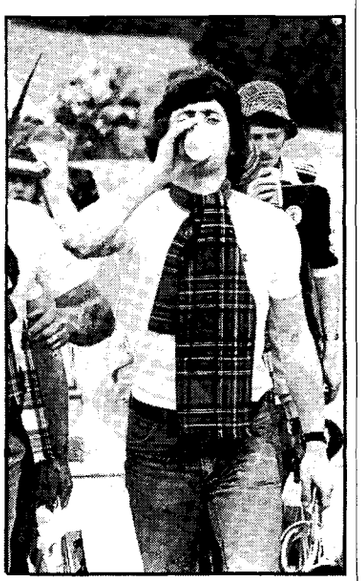
ESSAY

The couthy feeling



Domestically and internationally—from football to fundamentalism—the 1980s have seen an upsurge in nationalism. The novelist and broadcaster Stuart Hood reflects on the cultural and social fall-out from this still emerging trend

Why do I call myself a Scot? First of all, British is a word I find antipathetic with its echoes of empire and the Falklands syndrome. On the other hand, although born in the United Kingdom I am certainly not English or Welsh. Nor am I an Ulsterman. I am therefore a Scot. What marks me as such is not the accident of my place of birth nor my parentage with a father from the industrial lowlands and a mother from the Highlands, but the fact that I grew up in a particular community which set its stamp on me through its ideology—a closely textured web of assumptions about society and the individual's place in it, about morality, about the rules and conventions of

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Andrea Cringean

behaviour, about life as an obstacle race to be overcome. It was worked on and imposed, consciously and unconsciously, by a variety of agencies: my family and the educational system (powerfully and symbolically united in my father, who was the village schoolmaster), the children with whom I went to school, the kirk, the people of my childhood village. I was also a voracious reader and so absorbed a romantic view of Scottish history in which England was the old enemy and the Catholicism of France, Spain and Ireland, a constant threat. The result was a *forma mentis*, a node of attitudes, some of which I have managed to shed and some I have retained and which mark me as a Scot.

When I became involved in politics as a student I believed—in line with the prevalent naivety of the thirties—that internationalism was the natural expression of working-class solidarity and saw in the assertion of national identity a dangerous and retrograde political tendency. I had no patience with those among my Scottish contemporaries whose slogan in the face of fascism had been "We'll fight no more in England's wars". Internationalism—as embodied in the International Brigades—was the force that had opposed the nationalism of Franco and of the National Socialists. Yet there were other national struggles which were progressive and to be supported in Africa, India, Ireland or the Middle East. If there was a contradiction between those opposing stances, very well, there was a contradiction which would be resolved in the working out of the historical process. Today I am concerned with the question of national identity and nationalism because the historical process has clearly no more resolved the problem of the politics of national identity than it has a host of other conundrums. Once again the question is being posed: is national identity a positive political factor?

When I revisit Scotland, for example, I find friends whom I respect politically arguing that Thatcherism is repugnant to very large numbers—indeed perhaps the majority of Scots—because the political creed she embodies runs counter to the dominant ethos of Scottish social life, which is less class-ridden, more caring, than life south of the border. The Scottish ethos, they suggest, challenges a Tory ideology which proclaims self-interest as the highest good and exalts greed as the mainspring of human endeavour. The continuing strength of the Labour vote in Scotland together with the Scottish Nationalist vote, which they define (correctly) as an expression of non-socialist anti-Thatcherism, is the political expression of a Scottish identity which is a progressive force. Nationalism could therefore be a legitimate site of struggle. If I am suspicious of such statements it is because while celebrating a left-inclined Scotland, they overlook and underplay social trends like those behind the development of the new Glasgow. There, Scottish yuppies patriotically replace the GB plate on their cars with one that says *Ecosse*, in celebration, presumably, of the Auld Alliance with France, which was such a disastrous factor in 16th-century Scottish history. But where does this leave those who have been decanted from the old town into the grim estates on the periphery? The danger of nationalism is that it fails to confront the problem of divergent class (unfashionable word) interests and fudges political differences.

> *It is inevitable that nationalism should flourish at a time when internationalism is being furthered by powerful economic forces*

It is perhaps inevitable that nationalism should flourish when internationalism is being furthered by what seems irresistibly powerful economic, social and technological forces. These can be seen at work in the culture industry which spreads consumer demands across frontiers. In the west they are the same forces that welcome *glasnost* and *perestroika* not as a step towards a form of socialism that might actually work, but because they appear to offer the long-awaited opportunity to break into the great unexploited markets of the Soviet bloc and China. It is in resistance to an internationalism purveying predominantly American cultural values by satellite that we must see an important reason for the assertion of national cultural identity. The cultural threat has been exercising the EC for some time now. But the EC has its own difficulties with national identities and national languages, which are obstacles in the easy diffusion of cultural productions within Europe. The answer has been to proclaim the need for a European identity. What this has meant, in practical terms, is the search for a Euro-*Dallas* which would incorporate the production values of the glossy soap opera while expressing values that, if not nationally specific, would be European and by definition non-American. We have had the chance to see what Euro-*Dallas* would be like. Its prototype was *Chateauvallon*, that hectic melange of sex and power struggles on a French provincial newspaper which was screened by Channel 4 and ironically funded by—among others—S4C, the Welsh channel.

Cultural resistance of this kind is highly questionable, and blanket anti-Americanism needs to be viewed with scepticism. It is worth recalling that what in its day was condemned by many—not only in the puritanical society where I grew up—as "that trash from Hollywood" is now seen to include some of the great classics of film history, and to remind ourselves that it was *Holocaust*, which, for all its imperfections, opened up a discussion within Germany of some of the darkest moments of that nation's history. Not all anti-Americanism is necessarily progressive; nor is the spread of consumer goods in itself "wrong". What is to be resisted is the consumerist suggestion that everything, including politics, is a matter of style and fashion—a statement which I recognise as thoroughly Scottish.

Cultural nationalism assumes that nations are monolithic and denies the importance of subcultures based on regionalism and class within the political unity of the nation. It is frequently based on a concept of high culture. I recall a French television producer showing with pride a remarkable production of *The Persians* by Aeschylus as a demonstration of television's importance as a cultural medium; when asked about the reaction of the miners in the Pas de Calais to the play, which was presented without context or explanation, he dismissed them contemptuously. *"Je m'en fous,"* he said tersely, *"des*

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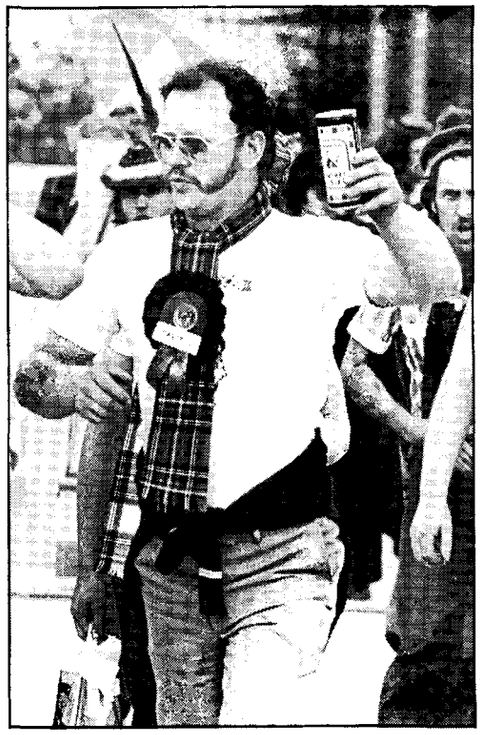
mineurs du Pas de Calais".

Nor are national cultures in their more popular forms necessarily positive. Scotland has suffered for almost 200 years from a popular cultural tradition based on tartanry, Highland games and sentimentality, which it feeds to the tourists on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle; what is not celebrated, nor recalled is the radical tradition going back to the United Scotsmen at the time of the French Revolution or Red Clydeside of the twenties. England, too, is increasingly busy constructing a romantic past with re-enactments of scenes from a pastoral England of shire horses and falconry, of sanitised factories and quaint work-places. It is not the Levellers whom English Heritage remembers, nor is there any sign of a move on its part to install a plaque on the Banqueting House in Whitehall to remind the tourists, who are important targets for this form of culture, that here a king was executed for treason: an event that shook Europe. What tourist guide recalls the Republic of the Commonwealth? Who recalls the Chartists assembling on Kennington Common to demand universal suffrage?

There is another reason for the rise of nationalism and the assertion of identity. We live in societies marked by increasing loss of identity among individuals. One of the defences against isolation is membership of a group which may be as small as a gathering of friends or as large as a supporters' club, a political party or a nation. There is a sense of security to be gained from sharing a common background. In this sense, when I go back to Scotland, I feel at ease in that I am aware of assumptions about society which do not require to be stated, of references which do not require elucidation and of words and expressions which do not require translation. How much stronger must be the identification with a group when there is the bond of a common and distinct language. This is as true of the Catalans and Basques as it is of those Welsh men and women who speak Welsh. But is the couthy feeling—to use a Scotticism—I experience in Scotland anything more than a sentimental recall of my childhood?

Language alone is not necessarily a sufficient marker of national identity. For example, are the non-Welsh speakers of South Wales any less Welsh than those from the villages where you hear Welsh in the pubs? It is, moreover, a fragile cultural phenomenon critically exposed to economic changes or demographic shifts. The great centres of Welsh culture in the quarries of the north suffered an almost mortal blow when, after the Second World War, the demand for Welsh slate ceased. The fate of Gaelic has been linked to depopulation and poverty. Conversely if Ladino, the language used in schools, banks shops and families in the valleys of Dolomites, still flourishes and is recognised alongside Italian and German (witness the trilingual signposts), then it is because there is a cultural policy supported by a flourishing economy—the tourist industry. Similarly the strength of Catalan is a function of the prosperity of Catalonia and its capital, Barcelona. Linguistic identity can be a fundamental political issue as in Basque demands for autonomy; but here the ambivalence



Network

of nationalism becomes apparent in the shape of the by no means progressive demand that non-Basque speakers should have to learn the language. In the worst days of English linguistic hegemony, children in Wales, Ireland and the Gaelic-speaking regions of Scotland were punished and disgraced for speaking their native tongue. Political and cultural nationalism can unhappily present a mirror-image of such intolerance.

The question of cultural and national identity is one that confronts many people in Britain today. They find themselves part of a multi-ethnic society with large groups which have their own religions, their own cultures and their own languages. The arrival and establishment of these new ethnic groups produces paradoxes and anomalies, which are only rarely addressed. Thus there are probably more Gujerati speakers in Britain than there are Welsh speakers, yet the latter have S4C; the former have at most the occasional programme. The fact can be used to attack the immensely expensive channel for Welsh viewers funded by ITV and the BBC which is there only because the Thatcher government was frightened into appeasing Welsh nationalist feeling. But the Welsh speakers will argue that, rather than attacking S4C, those in favour of diversity should exert pressure for television and radio programmes that express other cultures. It is a debate which raises the important issue of the place of various ethnic and cultural identities within the body politic and the related question of assimilation.

The "problem" is that the Brits find themselves living in a society where old certainties have crumbled and the realities of the situation are only partly concealed by the old myths. The Union Jack—"the butcher's apron" to some—in which these myths are wrapped up is frayed and tattered. Unfortunately, the jingoism is deeply rooted. It goes far back to the Tudor triumphalism Shakespeare expressed in John of Gaunt's speech extolling "This England" or the narrow nationalism with strong anti-Welsh elements of *Henry V*. Milton's statement that when God wants a piece of work well done he gives it to his Englishmen belongs to the same tradition as do the popular songs celebrating victory over the French in the colonial wars of 18th century. It is found in that suppressed verse of the National Anthem which calls on God to "crush the rebellious Scot". The sense of racial superiority it engendered found expression in the description by English travellers of Highlanders as shiftless, thieving and dirty, to be despised like the Irish and other lesser breeds within the Empire. It found popular celebration in the music-hall song with its chorus: *We don't want to fight/But by jingo if we do/We've got the men/We've got the ships/We've got the money too.*

Today that spirit informs not only the rhetoric of Thatcherite politicians, but of sports commentators and of the headline writers in the popular press. The ideology that inspires young men wrapped in Union Jacks to chant the National Anthem as they piss on foreign streets is the same as fired the Falklands euphoria. It can take other unpleasant forms. A troopship docking after the Falklands campaign—as newsreel footage confirms—carried a banner on its side with the slogan: Call off the rail strike or we'll call in an air-strike. This swaggering *braggadocio* looks for and finds outlets for its rages and fears in attacks on those who are obviously different. It blames black workers for unemployment.

In this context the proposal to teach more "British history" is ludicrous and will merely foster conservative nationalism on the one hand, and a feeling of irrelevance on the other. What children of all ethnic groups need to be taught is an understanding of the role of Britain as a colonial empire and the consequences that flow from that colonial past. Not least the expectations aroused by glib, dishonest talk about the Commonwealth as a family of nations. They also need to understand the economic forces that led men and women in such large numbers to leave their homelands to search for a reasonable standard of living in a country which claimed to have some interest in their well-being, which urged them to come to fill the huge gaps in the labour market but which has refused consistently to treat them as equal citizens.

On a larger political scale, jingoism and its twin, xenophobia, can only be countered if the painful lesson can be brought home that Britain is a small country on the edge of Europe; that it no longer has a world role to play; that it has no need for and should abandon forthwith its symbol of virility: the atomic missile. What we require to work towards is a society in which the dominant ideology denies that there is a hierarchy of cultures of identities, and in which institutions like schools, the law courts, the trade unions, the churches, insist on certain ground rules of democracy, of racial equality and mutual respect. Such a society might perhaps be able to shed the dangerous tradition of envious, fearful nationalism and celebrate instead the marvellous diversity of humankind and its cultures.

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The fishermen's tales

MEN'S LIVES
Peter Matthiessen
Collins Harvill £15

Paul Thompson

The western end of Long Island is inner city Brooklyn, nosing desperately at the higher towers of Manhattan. As you move eastwards, suburbia gives way to estate houses in woodland, and after that, until recently, to an undeveloped countryside of small farms and scrub oak. Finally the island splits into two very extended tapering forks, enclosing a huge sheltered bay and harbours dense with sporting craft and fishing boats.

When Peter Matthiessen, New York-born naturalist, explorer and novelist, settled on the South Fork in the early 1950s, it had already been found by a few painters—including Jackson Pollock—but was otherwise a cheap and simple place to live. Better still, as a struggling writer in his twenties, Mattiessen was able to eke out his earnings by working as a professional fisherman. First he was a crewman with the traditional local inshoreman, the "baymen"; then he got his own boat and took parties of New Yorkers—from Red Indian chiefs working as car salesmen to Chinese laundrymen—out into the Atlantic on sea angling trips.

Matthiessen was himself born into a fishing family, and although now a highly successful writer his longing for nautical adventure still seems irrepressible. He has even managed to double up as a writer-diver on a Pacific excursion shooting sharks underwater for his film *Blue Water, White Death*. All the same, it is those very first years working with the baymen which haunt his imagination. *Men's Lives* is his tribute to them. It interweaves, rather loosely and in the manner of a novel spiced with history and autobiography, acutely seen and intensely felt glimpses of marine nature, a nostalgic local oral history based on talks with the baymen, and a polemic in their defence against the combined forces of sporting conservationists and real estate developers.

Enthusiastically reviewed in the United States, Matthiessen's "elegy to passing relations between work and nature" has clearly struck a convincing note there. At this distance the message is less obvious. Indeed for anyone genuinely interested in either the politics of conservation or the fate of fishing communities, it is irritatingly obscure. Descriptions of fishing techniques, the history of the communities, the waxing and waning of various fish stocks and the scientific explanations for this, are repeatedly half-given with essential bits missing, and as there are no maps, no index and only one jacket photograph, it is impossible to be sure one has the right picture. The dust jacket describes *Men's Lives* as portraying, "in their own harsh, sparing cadences", the story of the fishing families and of "how so recklessly politics, money and progress can conspire to destroy a community, a way of life, a proud history".

I suspect that the fishermen gave Matthiessen a much more straightforward account than he has given us; altogether less artful. And

American east coast fishermen seining in an 1886 engraving

Mary Evans Picture Library

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perhaps less naively masculine too. One gathers from odd asides that the women of the fishing families played an essential role as netmenders, scallopers, and even occasionally as skippers: but the focus here is almost entirely on the men. You certainly would never guess that the title phrase comes from a Scots fisherwoman.

The magic that Matthiessen seems to offer urban Americans comes precisely from his blurring of history, nature and primitive community: the notion that even as close as a hundred miles out of central New York, at the far end of Long Island, you can still rediscover the American frontier. The former presence of the Indians here has left a constant reminder in the place-names, with whose meanings Matthiessen is fascinated. The early settlers lived alongside the Indians and at least one fishing family, who are still proud that they bought rather than stole their land from them, hands down ancestral memories of Indians helping them to harvest and sharing their table: "It's a hell of a good feelin to know that you come from a family that never had no discrimination against nobody".

There may even be an inheritance of local fishing skills from the Indians. Certainly in *Moby-Dick*'s New England whale fishery, which first sprang up three centuries ago on eastern Long Island before moving out to the Atlantic island of Nantucket, conscripted Indians formed a large part of the whaler crews. It is just possible that Indians had already evolved the technique of harpooning whales before the settlers arrived. The Indians also played a part in developing the fishery for menhaden—a type of herring—as fertiliser, which provided a new boom after the whales had been killed off in the mid-19th century.

Over the last hundred years, there have been no such sustained fisheries. The baymen have made money from a combination of sand clams and scallops, gourmet sturgeon roes, small boat longlining for swordfish and tuna, and seining off the long beaches for striped bass. In bad years they could charter for sportsmen or shoot duck. During prohibition they helped smuggle liquor by "bottle fishing". Slowly but remorselessly, their numbers have fallen. The real boom has been in ocean angling as a sport. It is now the sporting craft who crowd the harbours, and in the last 20 years they have been followed by the real estate developers who are now pushing the fishermen off the foreshore.

Matthiessen focuses above all on the struggle over sea bass. The fish itself has declined catastrophically in numbers. As the baymen know better than anyone, all the local species have fluctuated violently in the past, and sea bass was itself even rarer in the 1930s than today. In any case the threat to it seems much more likely to come from chemical pollution of its spawning grounds in the estuaries than from overfishing. Nevertheless the sportsmen and baymen are locked in mortal combat over the sea bass. It has provided the baymen with their best post-war earnings. They net it off the beach in truckloads. The sportsmen by contrast, although catching ten times as much, angle for it singly out at sea. And in 1983, after decades of political lobbying and intrigue they succeeded in making what they call "this dirty fishery" effectively illegal with what the baymen call "this stupid law".

In most hands the story would be another senseless blundering destruction of the natural abundance of our environment by sheer human stupidity. But Matthiessen turns it another way. He has worked and lived with the baymen and listened to their stories for years. To him they are elementary heroes: a human species under threat. The centrepiece of his book is his dramatic description of the seining itself. In fact a widespread European technique, developed in sophisticated variety in Scandinavia, the baymen persisted in a technically primitive seining, making their circle of net to enclose the sea bass shoal by rowing a beachboat out through the ocean breakers. "In haul-seining, a net-filled dory is launched through the open surf, an enterprise that, on a rough Atlantic day, demands nerve and experience as well as skill". Matthiessen's call, which paradoxically seems best construed to convert the New York sportsmen themselves, is to defend "a surfboat tradition that began when the Atlantic coast was still the American frontier".

Criticising critical criticism

BRITISH POST-STRUCTURALISM
Antony Easthope
Routledge £27.50

Stephen Howe

In 1980, the affairs of the Cambridge English department were subject to a brief flurry of intense public scrutiny. A young English don, Colin MacCabe, variously and vaguely described in the press as a "structuralist" or a "post-structuralist", failed to have his contract renewed by the faculty. The resulting storm produced several attempts to explain the theoretical disputes at stake to the general public. None of them was very successful, leading one critic to suggest that structuralism and post-structuralism might be the first major intellectual movements in the humanities to pass from infancy to decay without ever meeting a non-specialist public on the way.

Over the past year or so, several attempts have been made to draw up a balance sheet for the currents of thought—structuralism, post-structuralism, deconstruction, post-modernism—which spread (mostly from Paris) across several academic disciplines and over most developed societies from the late 1960s onwards. In Britain, Gregory Elliott's sympathetic overview of Althusser's trajectory and Peter Dews's more hostile survey of post-structuralist thought have set high standards of clarity and comprehensiveness in this field. Antony Easthope has now made the first endeavour at tracing the fortunes of post-structuralism in Britain. He does not meet the standards established by Dews and Elliott.

Attempting to chart the course of an intellectual current which is still in its inchoate, formative stages, which spreads across many academic frontiers, and which is moreover unusually subject to the dictates of academic fashion, isn't easy. Antony Easthope deserves full marks for bravery. He has, however, done his best to make the task less onerous for himself. He has adopted a small group of heroes—Jacques Derrida, Louis Althusser, Paul Hirst—whose views he can endorse tout court, thus saving himself much, doubtless valuable, time assessing them. When he has to deal with subjects of which he knows next to nothing, as with history and analytical philosophy (on the former I know he knows nothing, on the latter only that he knows even less than I do), he adopts the simple, if dubious, expedient of claiming that their practitioners have written nothing relevant to his subject. Other fields which he should, by his own admission, see as important to his survey, above all anthropology, go untouched. This is despite the growing extent to which English-language anthropological work heavily influenced by post-structuralist concerns, like that of Michael Fischer, George Marcus and Michael Taussig, evokes strong interest in Britain. About economic thought there is not a whisper. On one level this is unsurprising, since the very idea of a post-structuralist or post-modernist economics is hard to envisage. Yet at a time when the market is elevated to the status of the only universal principle of society, it is worth asking just why such claims go unchallenged by theories which seek to undermine universalism in every other sphere.

Easthope is dealing almost throughout in second- or third-order discourses: his is what Marx would have called a critique of critical criticism. When he's second-order he's competently second-rate; that is, he provides more or less coherent summaries of some of the works produced by British post-structuralists. Yet his approach to his own earlier work's place in the canon is, to put it kindly, idiosyncratic. He reprints verbatim someone else's review of his 1983 book *Poetry as Discourse*. It is a rather favourable review. His third-order discussions—critiques of other people's critiques of yet other people's work (much of that itself reflections on even more distant authorities)—are far more questionable. When he wants to be friendly, he is whole-heartedly if clumsily so; as toward Ann Wordsworth who "exercises a deep knowledge" of Derrida. (I won't be a moment, dear. I'm just taking Deep Knowledge for a walk.)

When he wishes to wound, Easthope is far more slippery. He says that a collection of post-structuralist essays on literature edited by Peter Widdowson, *Re-reading English*, was given a "hysterical denunciation by the *London Review of Books* naming it as 'Stalinist' and, in what was regarded as an even worse term of abuse, 'unEnglish'".

This is grotequely misleading. The *LRB*'s reviewer, Tom Paulin, is an anti-Unionist Ulsterman who has made the critique of "Englishness" central to his work. Paulin quoted Charles Kingsley on being "unEnglish", only in

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order to scorn and subvert the notion. Easthope's attempt to make Paulin—whom he does not even name—complicit with Kingsley is absurd. There is also one little matter which Easthope does not mention: that he was a contributor to Widdowson's volume, and that Paulin reserved by far his rudest remarks for him. It is understandable that the review should make Easthope angry, but that's no reason to tell fibs about it.

Easthope is insistent, to a point rightly so, that British post-structuralism differs both from both French and even more from American versions in its close association with left wing politics. Almost all British post-structuralists are Marxists, or have come through Marxism whilst remaining socialists. Where Easthope falls apart is in the grandiose political ambitions he wants to foist upon his subjects. They are engaged, in his view, upon no less a task than the deconstruction of national identity itself. The critique of EngLit is the trumpet that will bring down the walls of Thatcher's Jericho. Residents of the other Jericho—a pretty district of west Oxford, once home to Jude the Obscure, now gentrified and probably containing more post-structuralists per acre than anywhere else in Britain—are the only people with the faintest chance of being convinced.

After the fall

APOCALYPSE CULTURE
Adam Parfrey (editor)
Amok Press £7.95
THE ASSAULT ON CULTURE: UTOPIAN CURRENTS FROM LETTRISME TO CLASS WAR
Stewart Home
Aporia Press £3.50

Paul Oldfield

Histories can be written of the "end of history". Just consult Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millenium* or Christopher Hill's *The World Turned Upside Down* for studies of communities that imagined they were living in the last days of this world. Millenarians have always declared the imminent closure of history, the disappearance of all temporal laws and prohibitions, an interlude of unrule and licence before the second coming recreates the lost perfection of Eden. The heterogeneous texts of *Apocalypse Culture* (lycanthropy, necrophilia, UFOs and The False Black Messiah next to essays from *Artforum* and *Semiotexte*) and the essays in *The Assault on Culture* cull the millenarians, ranters and utopians of *our* century.

John Zerzan's "The Case Against Art" (in *Apocalypse Culture*) restates the same myth that motivates Stewart Home's utopian art-school groupuscules. Before art (or any institutionalised ritual) appeared, he argues, there was what Frederic Jameson called an "unfallen social reality", a paradisial condition of immediate access to our experience. "Art" accompanies the fall into deferred or surrogate experience, the

Simply beginning to speak is the start of repression and separation from the world

"endless reproduction of symbols in which the *real* is always displaced". This representation makes possible the systems of symbolic exchange by which we're separated from the world, denied our primal powers of perception (Zerzan cites Lévi-Strauss's tribe that could see Venus in daylight), and subjected.

What the Lettristes, Situationists and their likes imagined was a return to this Rousseau-like perfection. The "spectacle" of capitalist consumer culture would be dispelled, and the separation of art and life would end. Play, spontaneity and the *ubiquity* of creative living would bring about a "revolution of everyday life". All their prophecies were predicated on the limitlessness of individual creativity and the emancipation of *desire*. "The satisfaction of desire is revolution", announced the post-surrealist group Cobra; "take your desires for reality", exhorted the Situationists of May '68, "demand the impossible". But the unfallen social reality has always been irretrievable. Our desires can't appear without being structured and prioritised. Simply acquiring a language and an identity, simply beginning to speak, is the start of repression and separation from the world. All we *can* do is to slip away from our selves momentarily, be out of our heads, and imagine our way back to a primal, unstructured state.

That's why many of the artists/activists documented here are apocalyptic in the literal sense of the word: an uncovering, revelation, a *vision*. Both books feature performance art, and sub-cultures like Ordeal and Endurance Art, as well as studies of the shamanic rites that they imitate. All these are means of reappropriating forgotten, or unconscious powers, or inducing altered "visionary" states. Fakir Musafar's sado-masochistic "pain art" (body piercing, constriction etc) is exemplary. He began by seeking "an experience, a happening that no other human being I know had ever had". The "revolution" that he talks about is not global convulsions, but this discovery of "another world" through dispossession and hallucination. Likewise, shamanic rites use fasting, sensory deprivation, or ordeals to induce chemical changes that weaken our censorship of our perception, allowing us heightened "visions".

But even the shaman is less a revolutionary than a socially sanctioned seer. Thomas McEvilly's "Art in the Dark" (*Apocalypse Culture*) concludes that performance art and ritual are "zones where deliberate inversions of social custom can safely transpire". We can solicit forbidden acts or deeds, only to assimilate their powers or exorcise them.

This legitimised glimpse of apocalypse is well known in most cultures as a day of Saturnalia or carnival, when normal laws are upended. The "immediacy of communication" is only ever seen *in festive moments on the revolution's barricades*. The prankster aesthetic that informs most of Stewart Home's anarcho-utopians is of this order too. The Amsterdam Provos offer free bicycles for public use, the Fluxus suggest overloading or subverting the postal or traffic systems, the Yippies cause pandemonium by showering money on the Stock Exchange floor. These are *interludes* that depend for their meaning on the very order they invert: perhaps neither can exist without the other.

But millenarians still attach themselves to ideas of absolute, irreversible eruptions. Adam Parfrey seems to be motivated by a trash-aesthetic of aberration and crime. Hence his liberal-baiting apologia for Peter Sotos, child pornographer and Ian Brady admirer, on the grounds that he can't be recuperated. Parfrey knows that Sotos is easily surrounded with clinical and juridical discourse, and is scarcely likely to subvert or recreate the world, but he can't resist the outlaw/Lautreamont appeal.

There's also the usual diet of conspiracy theory here. History becomes a coded script that is rapidly converging, whether it's plotted by Biblical prophecy or by Masonic-alchemical ritual. The "magick" youth sub-cultures like Temple of Psychic Youth, too, imagine their counter-networks eventually ushering in a new era.

But there will be no millenium. Imagine instead the future according to Baudrillard (quoted in another essay by Zerzan), where the social, political and cultural fabric has *disappeared* amidst non-participation, a refusal to reinvent power's networks. Meanwhile, the individual moment of apocalypse is here all the time, in the surrender of yourself, refusal to constitute yourself, the *u-topia* or *no-place* of altered states. Despite themselves, sometimes, that's what these two books can offer.

Lost in space

THE PLAYER OF GAMES
Iain M. Banks
Macmillan £11.95

Harry Ritchie

Whatever happened to Iain Banks? The young writer acclaimed as "brilliant", "stunning" and "masterful"? The chap hailed by Fay Weldon as "the great white hope of contemporary British literature"?

Since he made his sensational debut with *The Wasp Factory*—a novel so powerfully devoted to the revolting and the macabre that it made Ian McEwan's psycopathic fictions seem fairly tame—Banks's reputation has suffered a steady decline. The publication last year of his fifth novel, the unfortunate *Espedair Street*—a kind of literary *Spinal Tap* without the parody—confirmed that Banks is indeed a gifted author but one in desperate need of advice: on no account write a first-person novel about a rock

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star; bin all the fantasy flim-flam; shred any narrative at all reminiscent of "Dungeons and Dragons" and with characters called Quiss, Ajayi, or any other name that might be mistaken for a sneeze.

But Banks is published by Macmillan, so it is no great surprise to find that his sixth novel is a sci-fi extravaganza, packaged with a militantly unpromising title and a toe-curling dustjacket that could serve as an album cover for Marillion, King Crimson or Megadeath.

The only real surprise held by the plot is that it is so straightforward. The hero, one Jernau Gurgeh, is the best game-player in the Culture—a pan-galactic civilisation which lies, of course, unspecified millennia and light years hence.

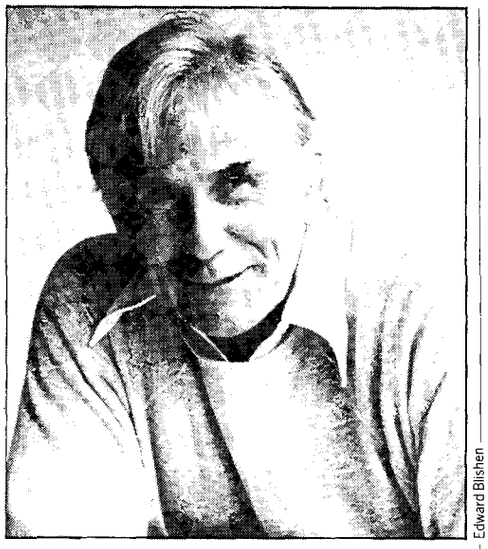
Like all protagonists from wondrously sophisticated Utopias he grows weary of the routine—the longevity, the superhuman health, the amazing hallucinogens, the terrific sex, the landscapes on his Orbital. Lured into cheating at Stricken, Gurgeh is blackmailed into venturing on a mission to a distant empire to take part in the greatest and most complicated game in the universe, the game of Azad, the game of life itself. And so on.

A story which would require about a third of the 300 odd pages, were it not for the fact that the tale acts merely as a framework for the loving evocations of space-tech wizardry. Drones, transceivers, hyperspace, ultraspace, aura fields, genofixing, Superlifters—the novel is so chock-a-block with such paraphernalia that the imaginative performance is alienating rather than seductive. While Gurgeh struggles to master Azad, Banks's exotica comes terribly close to overpowering what little narrative interest there is.

That this doesn't quite happen is testimony to the author's very real talents, which are often only evident by default. There are various alarming hints of lager-advert sci-fi—in, for example, the cor-wow references to Gurgeh's and others' genitalia—but none of the only-too-expectable Zeppelin-breasted Amazons or gratuitous references to a barbarians' planet some call Earth. On the contrary, Banks creates his worlds with some subtlety and an eminently fertile imagination.

And one advantage of dwelling on fantastic technology is that he doesn't overplay the sociological notions which emerge in the contrast between the non-hierarchical, cooperative Culture and the violent evil empire. Gurgeh's puzzlement at his enemies' reliance on brutal dominance is neatly understated, as is the significance he perceives between fixations with pornography and social repression. Once these ideas begin to appear the novel does just about repay perseverance. Clinching proof that Banks is still in possession of an exceptional gift is that his accounts of board-games whose rules cannot be explained are not only readable but even, at times, almost gripping.

Perhaps Iain Banks has been playing his own authorial game; committing himself to stories and material as limiting as possible and challenging himself to achieve the optimum result—mediocrity. But it is terribly frustrating to see him yet again making the best of a bad job.



Edward Blishen

A family man

THE DISTURBANCE FEE
Edward Blishen
Hamish Hamilton £12.95

Colin Ward

A mutual friend remarked about Dame Edna that she was the ultimate triumph of Mrs Humphries senior. Young Barry fended her off for years but she finally took him over.

I have fears of this kind about young Edward. In his long-running serial autobiography he wrote *Sorry, Dad* which really was a 20th century equivalent of Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*, and eager readers like me thought he had got these equivocal memories out of his system. But Dad kept on erupting in later volumes, and now he even stares balefully back from the shaving mirror at our author, who finds himself using various hectoring phrases from his father's vocabulary.

Not only that. He begins to see a kind of integrity about his father's misanthropic judgements and to develop a certain acerbity in his own comments about those old grammar school friends he still sees around.

Besides this he's getting on himself. Growing old, he reflects, "is like being vandalised. You wake up in the morning and there's another window smashed, another piece of graffiti's appeared. Part of you has obviously gone, and the trouble is you can't remember what it was..."

With these intimations of mortality he cherishes family ties even more, and invited to address New Zealand librarians on children's literature he discovers lost cousins and yet more family photographs. In Canada the same thing happens. Even his wife begins to worry about the mountain of family trivia he insists on accumulating and to fret at the thought that after their deaths their sons will either have to mount a great research operation or have a giant bonfire.

Even when they get burgled, it's the wedding rings and hi-fi that get looted, not the mounting memorabilia. This has no resale value, except for its owner who for years has been releasing it on the market in small consignments, with the result that by now I know far more about the Blishen family than I do about my own.

It's a corner of the market that he has made particularly his own, and he notes how every relationship changes. "My son Dan, for example, seemed to me now more uncle than son. He was gently large, and regarded me with interested amusement." His other son Tom, after the birth of his first child, remarks, "It must be strange for a father to see his son becoming a father." But of course relations with this grandchild are enough to set off a whole new sequence of Blishen books. "The middle of the stage is occupied by others" but the old and the young are both engaged in piecing things together. "The old are trying to give a shape to their lives...The young are simply attempting to make a map, any sort of map, out of the fragments of coastline they've bumped into."

Blishen is by far our subtlest chronicler of the changing style of inter-generational relations in our century. In a hundred years' time he'll be a wonderful quarry for social historians. Beyond this, one thing I get from all his books is his great reverence for the process of education: something you don't get from the inspectorate, the administrators, the evaluators and measurers. Education, he reflects, is an enterprise which in one way or another "deepens the nature of everyone who engages in it".

Paperbacks

The Wilde child

Sean French

Auden once wrote that the only unforgiveable aspect of Oscar Wilde's life was his marriage. At least to some extent Wilde chose his own martyrdom, but his wife and two sons had no choice at all. They were also bankrupted, they also had to leave Britain, they also changed their names. But unlike Oscar, they disappeared into oblivion. If there's one thing worse than a notorious exile, it's an obscure exile.

Vyvyan Holland observes in his memoir, *Son of Oscar Wilde* (Oxford £4.95), that many readers of *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray* don't even know that its author had children. I knew that, but I didn't know that one of them had written this moving book.

Holland's account was published in 1954, 60 years after the tragedy began, yet the reader still seems to be encountering unfiltered naked emotion. Cyril and Vyvyan loved their father and were dazzled by him. But after the arrest and trial which they were too young to understand, they never saw him again. Within five years both their parents were dead.

This is a baffled, sad book but also an affectionate one and it tells one of the most famous

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Lila di Nobilis, Paris 1973 from "David Hockney by David Hockney: My Early Years", to be published by Thames and Hudson on 22 August

stories of our literature from an entirely new angle. In addition, readers who are surprised that Wilde had a son will be even more surprised to find a preface to this new edition by Wilde's grandson, Merlin Holland, who extraordinarily enough is only 42 years old.

It is amusing that the two most famous Londoners of the 1890s were a convict, Oscar Wilde, and a private detective, Sherlock Holmes. Pedants might object that Holmes is a fictional character but for the aficionado this is not entirely true. Hundreds of letters arrive each year at 221 Baker Street addressed to him. Twenty years ago John Murray published a magnificent two-volume *Annotated Sherlock Holmes* which not only provided a wealth of background information but, employing tongue-in-cheek scholarship on a monumental scale, established such details as the dates on which the various cases must have occurred, the trains Holmes and Watson must have caught and so on. Analysing the *Adventure of Charles August Milverton*, for example, in the course of which Holmes and Watson break into the house of a notorious blackmailer, the lawyer Irving M. Fenton pointed out that the two friends were guilty of attempted unlawful detention, breaking and entering, malicious damage, assault and resisting arrest.

Now Martin Gardner has applied the same technique to another famous detective in *The Annotated Innocence of Father Brown* (Oxford £4.95). I always enjoy Gardner's writing, whether he's puncturing the claims of parapsychologists, clarifying complex scientific issues or explaining *Alice in Wonderland*. This book is great fun, with many shrewd observations on detective stories; a bit too shrewd in fact. You finish the book feeling how far inferior Father Brown is to Sherlock Holmes. Which you already knew.

At this point I want to interject a brief disagreement with some reviewers. Last year, the publication of Clive James's second novel, *The Remake* (Picador £3.95), was anticipated by a series of interviews which were outdone in their mean-minded hostility only by the reviews which followed snarling on their heels. To find favourable quotations for the paperback jacket, the Picador publicity department have have to scavenge as far afield as Jerusalem and Adelaide, places where the Clive James backlash apparently hasn't set in yet.

Simply, James has one of the sharpest comic eyes of any British writer. Of a nouvel cuisine pudding: "My dessert looked as if a sick sparrow had laid two chocolate eggs from the top of a ladder." Well, it made *me* laugh.

I'm not quite sure how I should recommend *Cary Grant: A Touch of Elegance* by Warren G. Harris (Sphere £3.50) because in many ways it's a ludicrous book. For some perverse reason of his own, Harris spends much of the book hinting in as many ways as possible that Grant was gay without ever actually coming out and saying it.

But the book shows, just as Ingmar Bergman's memoirs did, the way that the most composed, controlled art can come out of confusion and paradox. Grant was arguably (I would argue it) the greatest screen performer of all, yet he was trained as an acrobat, not an actor; on screen he personified charm and elegance while his private life was a shambling, neurotic mess, which he tried to cure with the help of anything that came to hand—mysticism, therapy, LSD; and—a far more common paradox—he was a symbol of rugged heterosexuality who was in all probability homosexual.

This book will just about do till something better comes along.

Shirley Jackson was a new name to me until I came across her collection of stories *The Lottery* (Robinson £3.50). It was the title story that apparently made her name when it was published in 1949 in—almost inevitably—the *New Yorker*. It's a miniature Gothic masterpiece that begins in cute Garrison Keillor style and turns very nasty indeed in its closing lines. These are crafty cool tales with a sinister slant.

I'm not quite sure whether *Granta* is a magazine or a paperback, but I prefer it when it's more of a magazine, printing original material, rather than just chapters from impending books.

The current issue, number 24 (Penguin £4.95), is a bit of both. It's dominated by a bizarre "Incomplete life of Anthony Cavendish", the intelligence officer who is trying to publish his memoirs in Peter Wright's slipstream. It's enthralling but rather puzzlingly presented with bits blacked out. It wasn't clear to me whether this was parodic self-censorship or something done on legal advice.

There's also an exquisite footnote by Bruce Chatwin to his *In Patagonia*. And a delightfully, and characteristically, eccentric report from Korea by James Fenton, the poet and *Independent* far east correspondent who is reputedly in tax exile because of the money he has earned for not writing the lyrics to *Les Misérables*. Nice work if you can get it, or rather, in this case, not get it.

Latin lesson

LATIN AMERICANS
Hugh O'Shaughnessy
BBC Books £11.95

Nicky Parker

How, an Argentinian friend asked me, would British people like it if someone from the other side of the world wrote a book called *Europeans* about the British, the French, the Germans and so on? She had a point. Nonetheless, *Latin Americans* provides an up-to-date connective overview of life in a fascinating collection of countries and, as such, must have considerable appeal for anyone with even a passing interest in the region.

Hugh O'Shaugnessy writes fluently, and with immense warmth and enthusiasm for the region and its people. He approaches his subject by highlighting the roles played by the military, the guerrillas, the Church and the indigenous and black population—against a vibrant background of volcanoes, glaciers, Incan monuments and Spanish colonial architecture. Military dictators past and present are sketched in a variety of guises, ranging from the comic and corrupt to the sinister. Statistics are cited which demonstrate that between nine and 25 per cent of the foreign debt owed or guaranteed by governments in Latin America was contracted for arms purchases. Most of these weapons are used against the civilians and those more actively seeking change—the guerrillas. The latter group's historical position of opposition to illegitimate, unpopular and dictatorial governments is described by O'Shaughnessy with considerable sympathy.

Some consideration of the Church is integral to any study of the people of Latin America. Here its bonds with the State are graphically illustrated: we are reminded, for example, of the way in which the Spanish conquerors instructed the indians in Catholicism in exchange for their slave-labour. O'Shaughnessy argues that there are real changes taking place in the relationship between Church and State, due mainly to the development of "liberation theology" amongst ecclesiastical opponents of poverty.

He holds an optimistic view of the terrible poverty and oppression suffered by the indigenous and black population, commenting that "the native people are by now beginning to be conscious of their rights and are, in different ways, starting to claim them". Yet it must be said that the essence of the people themselves—the supposed subject of this book—is not transmitted in enough depth to satisfy curiosity.

Any author of a work of wide-ranging scope faces two almost inevitable problems: the danger of generalisation and consequent superficiality, and the difficulty of maintaining the thread of an argument whilst flitting from example to example. Hugh O'Shaughnessy is not entirely successful in evading either pitfall. Nevertheless, *Latin Americans*, while not providing any revelations, will be an excellent introduction to this increasingly important region.

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From fear to hunger

BEHIND THE VEIL OF ECONOMICS
Robert Heilbroner
Norton £11.95

James Stephenson

Robert Heilbroner begins this collection of essays as he means to continue: with a question. "What is economics?" he wants to know. This is not a question which keeps your average merchant banker awake at night. For them the answer is simple, it is the study of the market system. The way in which individuals' efforts to get the best for themselves are organised by the price mechanism. All anyone need do is follow Ivan Boesky's dictum poached by Gordon Gecko in the film *Wall Street*. Remember that "greed is good" and Adam Smith's Invisible Hand will take care of the rest.

Heilbroner is rightly disatisfied with this line of thinking. He believes that there is "a central thread missing from the endless discussions about what we should be doing".

That thread is a sense of capitalism in its historical perspective. Such a perspective makes it possible to escape the *zeitgeist* and imagine alternative forms of capitalism. The public and private sector mix in the economy, for instance, become points on a spectrum of choices.

This is not a book for those who like to be left alone with their certainties. Heilbroner is constantly prying among the assumptions of liberal economic thinking and asking awkward questions. In the Vision and Ideology chapter he has a merry time dissecting particularly crass lines of argument from advocates of *laissez-faire* capitalism. Milton and Rose Friedman are among those on the receiving end. The chief victim, however, is Gordon Tullock, who argued in *The Economics of Income Redistribution*, that the American government's programme to restrict crop production ranks "with the work of Stalin, Hitler and Mao among the major mass murder programs of our time."

But this is not Heilbroner's main purpose. The book cannot be said to have a thrust exactly. It is by the author's own admission a slightly ragbag collection of essays. Only three of the chapters are new, the others having appeared elsewhere. The chapter On the Future of Capitalism gives a slightly padded feel to the work. It is rather a tall order to do the subject justice in little more than a dozen pages. Sure enough, the chapter fails to live up to its billing. It turns out to be the reprint of a 1982 interview with the author for a magazine article.

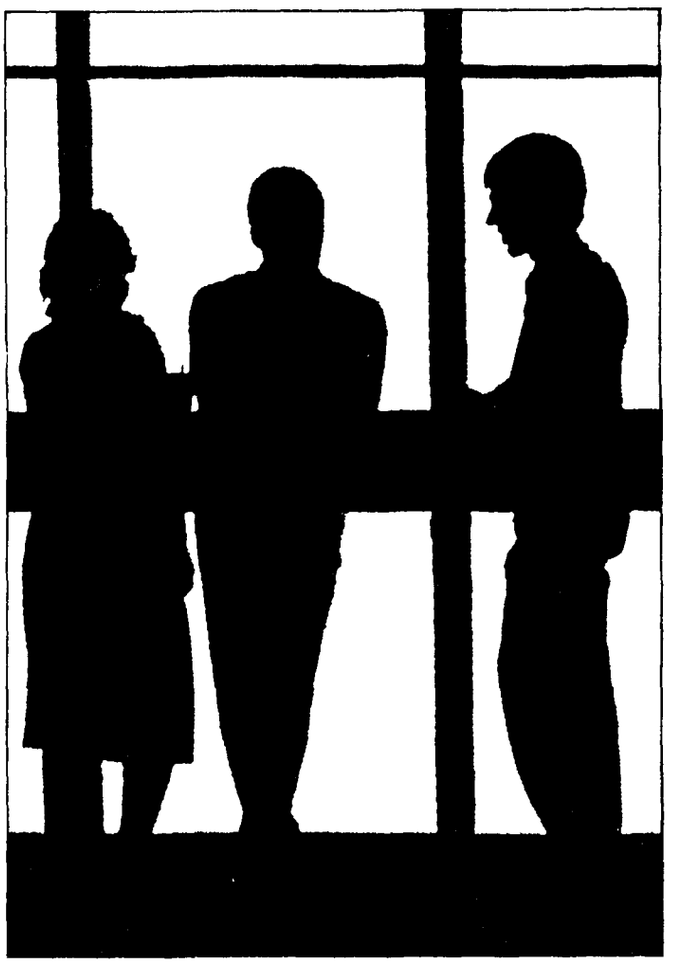
If the book is not a coherent progression, it has nonetheless a central point. It is that economics is not simply the neutral science that many of its practioners like to present. It is also, necessarily, an ideology. This is the veil to which the book's title refers.

What the veil obscures is the true nature of the capitalist economic system. Liberal economics is transfixed by Adam Smith's view of the market system. For him, the market was a system of "perfect" or "natural" liberty. This is the liberty of the cash nexus and the freedom of contract.

But Smith himself recognised, long before Marx coined the term exploitation, that "the necessity of employment, despite the contractual freedom" provided the "disparity in social power" which gives rise to an unequal bargain between employer and employee.

In Heilbroner's neat encapsulation, the change from feudalism to capitalism represented a change of motivation for workers. It became simply hunger, rather than fear *and* hunger. This is an insight which might prove to be more readily acceptable to a European audience, with its social democratic traditions, than to Americans to whom the book is principally addressed.

On a more optimistic note, Heilbroner argues that a new element is coming into play in advanced economies. Success as a motivation offers the "tantalising vision of a world without work." Work disappears when there is "a society without submissive striving, without subordinate effort." But with millions of unemployed currently barred even from submissive striving, the prospects of this Shangri-la seem remote indeed.



EYE TO EYE

YOUR RELATIONSHIPS AND HOW THEY WORK

Editor Dr Peter Marsh

"Most people are unaware that they possess a quite remarkable skill. Because this skill is exercised daily and in the most ordinary of contexts, it is usually overlooked. But without it our lives would be unfulfilled and empty – it is the ability to relate to others, to engage them in conversation, to operate as social and sociable individuals... we are not born with this ability... we have to learn what to do." **Dr Peter Marsh**

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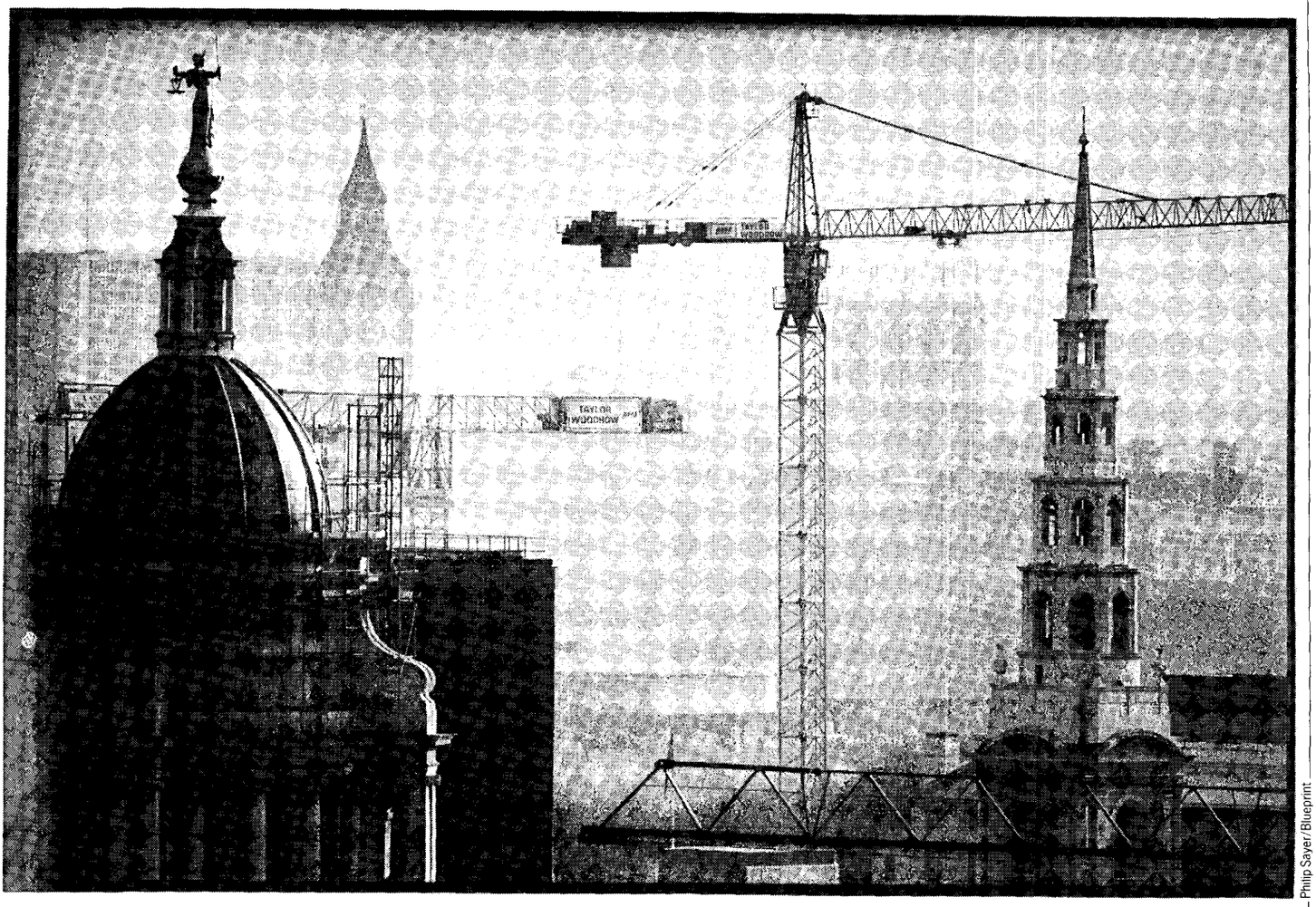

Philip Sayer/Blueprint

Architecture

Satellite boom town

The City is experiencing the biggest building boom in 25 years. Stephanie Williams reports on the metropolis of the 1990s

If you poke your head to the left of the entrance of the latest exhibition at London's ICA galleries in the Mall you see what looks like a long, white corridor of cupboards. Your first instinct is that you have wandered backstage. Perhaps this is where the ICA keeps its mops and brooms, catalogues and slide projectors, other props and tools?

But no, open the first of these elegant laminated cupboards. It is empty. It is far too shallow to hold anything really useful. Open the second. Here is a soft focus black and white photograph of a couple in an embrace. In the third we find printed brief biographies of the designers of this sleek range of wardrobes, John Pawson and Claudio Silvestrin. The latter, we are informed, was trained in Milan by a Professor A G Fronzoni, "master of Italian '*architettura essenziale*'". Next, we find a slogan. "Principle: Free space as absolute anthropological necessity." And another. "Truth: The contemporary city interprets space as economical *quantum* thus it is annihilating space. Interiors are the only sites for the architect to will his task." And so we move on. Opening doors to reveal a picture of a paper clip perhaps, or a nail brush? Oh, yes, and photographs of Pawson and Silvestrin's own work.

This is but one of six exhibits in **Metropolis**, a show about the City and what it means to six of Britain's younger and most talented designers and architects. It is an apt moment for such a show. London is experiencing its biggest building boom in 25 years. The whole face of the cpaital is being radically overhauled and the way we live and work in it is being ruthlessly speeded up. But the kindest thing that can be said about *Metropolis* is that it is incomprehensible.

Potentially interesting themes like "The City and the parked car" (a blueprint of a Ford interior is transformed to depict a DIY workshop), and "The City and planning" (an abstract presentation even more baffling than the process itself) fail to provoke or inspire. Nigel Coates, whose firm goes under the name "Branson Coates Architects" in England, but "Creative Intelligence Associates" when operating in Japan, produced a mud-pie fairground of electronic junk for the vast site at King's Cross, where development is now proposed. Beneath a flying Barbie doll mounted on Taurus, Bedouin tents and Arab towered encampments, plasticine models of Coates's own work, of King's Cross and St Pancras stations and the well-known gasometers are put together as a celebration of the dismantling of European trade frontiers. *Metropolis* is not an exhibition that has anything to say about the city of yesterday, today, or tomorrow. It is a show about designers.

The current obsession with style may be one reason why so much of what is really happening

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in the metropolis of London today is passing unnoticed. In the last 18 months planning permission has been granted for an astounding 20 million square feet of new office space in the City of London alone; another seven million is in the pipeline. This is the equivalent of rebuilding one third of the City's existing stock of offices. Forget what you have heard about Docklands. Consider what is happening to Fleet Street now that the newspapers have moved out and the foreign banks are moving in. Take a look at what is happening around the train stations in the capital. For years British Rail talked about what it might do with its redundant land stock. In 1982 it went into partnership with a private developer to bridge over the tracks at Victoria Station with a raft of offices. Today, virtually every London station, from Broadgate to Waterloo, Cannon Street to Charing Cross, to say nothing of the biggest development of all, at King's Cross, is the site of major new development.

It is the daily advances in computer and communication technology that are driving this extraordinary redevelopment of London. That and speculation. (Design never has been a factor in such matters). Foreign investors, North American developers, architects and contractors are already here in force. Property prices continue to soar. The planners, particularly those in the City, are colluding in the process: helping to find sites, determined to keep and attract more big service business to the City. In order to do so, they argue, London must have a stock of new buildings designed to accommodate—and anticipate—the current changes in technology. The same pressures apply in the world's other financial centres: New York, Tokyo, Hong Kong. But with the exception of Tokyo, the potential returns on prime office space are far higher than anywhere else in the world.

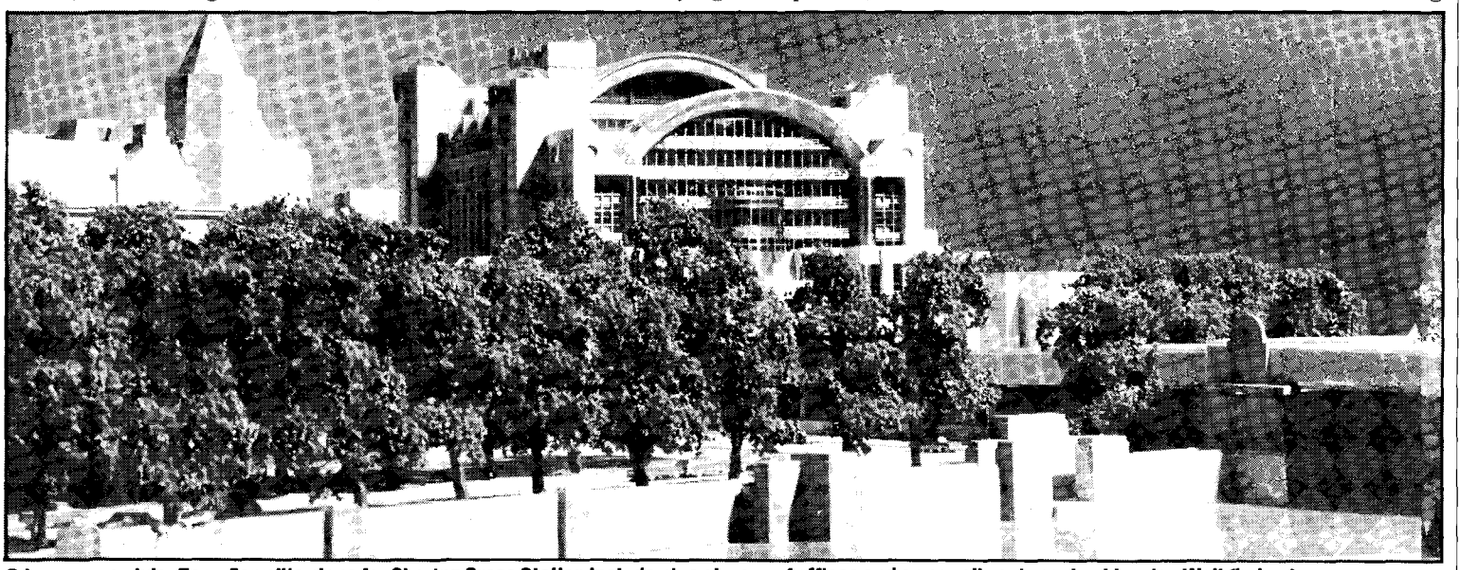
Most of the major new schemes are concentrated in areas close to the City where traditional users—like the newspapers in Fleet Street—are moving out. Several of them are on sites over railway tracks that have never been regarded as financially viable before. Others require the demolition of high-rise buildings little more than 20 years old. Virtually all of London Wall from Little Britain to Moorgate, for example, is to disappear under gigantic new constructions. Immediately north of St Paul's, Paternoster Square is to be replaced. To the south of the cathedral, at Cannon Street, the enormous brick vaults which support the railway tracks and platforms of the station have yielded a two acre site for a new block of offices, two storeys high. A second building, equally deep in plan, but four storeys taller, will span Upper Thames Street. Over 3,000 people could work there.

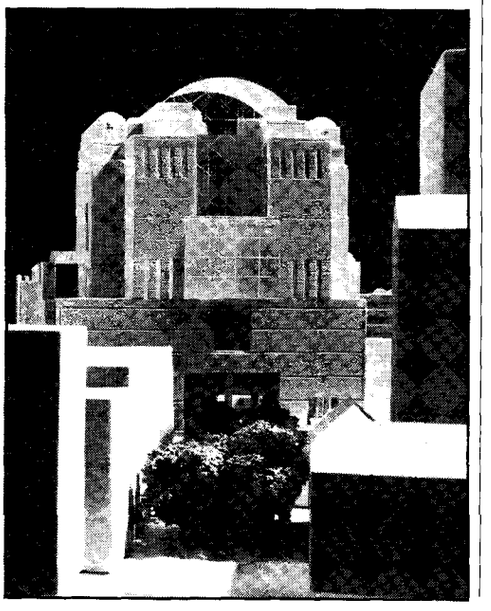
Even more awesome is Charing Cross, where architect Terry Farrell is taking off the station roof and putting up nine storeys of offices in gigantic Odeonesque style. Back in the City, the corporate North American flavour of Broadgate, the first of the really big developments, is already well advanced on the ground. And this is to say nothing at all of what is happening at Holborn Viaduct, the *News of the World*, the old City of London school on the Embankment where work takes place under arc lights at night; Spitalfields, or at King's Cross—where schemes for outline planning permission for an area of 125 acres, two thirds the size of Regent's Park, go in for consideration in November.

As for the new buildings themselves, what is significant about them is not their height, but their bulk. The kinds of space required for a dealing floor do not allow for old-fashioned infilling: these are the factories of tomorrow. Space for at least two dealing floors and a near infinity of service cabling for telephones, telexes, faxes and computers that can be called up almost anywhere in the interior, is written into the brief of most of these new buildings. As a result, spaces between floors and ceilings must be greater; no columns are needed to support the interior. Sophisticated air conditioning, standby generators and a satellite dish are *de rigueur*.

For the most part the facades of these new buildings are banal and unremarkable. Others mark the introduction of the post-modernist aesthetic to London. Terry Farrell is repeating his monumental Odeonesque style expressed at Charing Cross on an equally epic scale on London Wall, where a 19 storey building of the sixties is being replaced with a huge curved building with a roof line at the same height as before. Other architects like Renton Howard Wood Levine and American firms like Kohn Pederson Fox, with their monumental plans recalling the thirties for the redevelopment of the *Daily Telegraph* (for American bankers Goldman Sachs), also favour the bulked post-modernist trend. Buildings like these will be the hallmarks of late 20th century London.

The collective implications of these schemes are profound. The GLC with its responsibilities for strategic planning has been abolished. No one else is attempting to coordinate them, save perhaps the larger property developers who will do so for their gain. Does anyone know what these vast new commercial buildings will mean in terms of the increase of London's working population, its commuter traffic, the kind of life and economy it will generate? Where are the houses? What about shops? Is the demand for all this space any more than speculative? These are questions which no one in this metropolis is asking. In such a context design exhibitions on the City are largely irrelevant.





Odeonesque style: Terry Farrell's plans for Charing Cross Station include nine storeys of offices and on equally epic scale at London Wall (below)

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Cinema

Tricks on the track

Suzanne Moore on a collaborative effort to rewrite the Oedipal story

Both film director Nicolas Roeg and writer Dennis Potter are renowned for inhabiting that rare space—the acceptable face of the avant-garde. These grand-daddies of dislocation have successfully brought what were once regarded as experimental techniques into the mainstream. Roeg's work in film (*Don't Look Now*, *Bad Timing*, *Performance* etc) has been digestible for mainstream audiences largely because—for all his infamous narrative disruption—the man knows a good story when he sees one. Potter's "difficult" work, on the other hand, has always been made accessible by its humour and, more recently, in *Pennies from Heaven* and *The Singing Detective* by its use of popular song. **Track 29** is a collaboration between Roeg and Potter and is, despite its pedigree, a rather literal and old-fashioned film. But then the Oedipal story is hardly new.

To the primal screams of John Lennon's song *Mother* ("Mummy don't go, Daddy come home"), Martin, a strange young man, arrives in a small town in Carolina. He finds what he is looking for in the shape of Linda (Theresa Russell)—a bored, frustrated housewife who drinks to relieve the pain of her childless marriage. Her dowdy husband Dr Henry Henry is less interested in her unhappiness than in his model railway, which seems to be taking over the house, and his spanking sessions with Nurse Stein (the wonderful Sandra Bernhard). Gary Oldman gives a nervy and unnerving performance as man-child Martin trying to make up for having been abandoned as a child. Rolling around with Linda in an intense psycho-drama, he reveals that as a result of her schoolgirl rape, he is her long lost son.

Alternating between little boy lost and menacing adult Martin seduces Linda while smashing up Henry's train set. This act helps Linda come to terms with both her guilt and her anger, and although the film makes clear that Martin is actually a fantasy, he is a real enough for her to change her life. Potter's continual to-ing and fro-ing between reality and fantasy is matched by Roeg's now familiar style of editing, whereby the past and present seem to co-exist. As time fragments into countless personal and parallel universes, subjective memory rather than objective reality becomes the only key to the truth.

As usual in Potter's work, a way to get hold of this key is through sex; truth is inextricably bound to sexuality. Sex is both cathartic and transcendent. Once again he uses rape as a dramatic metaphor in a way that is distinctly questionable (in the past he has been criticised particularly for the rape scene in *Brimstone and Treacle* which also signifies a kind of enlightenment). In *Track 29* Linda is clearly aroused by the memory of her fairground rape.

But sex is also childish, vulgar and totally regressive. Linda, who wears braces on her teeth and has a bedroom full of dolls, calls her husband "Daddy" when she wants to be a "naughty ickle girl" with him. Henry is unexcited by this: he gets his kicks from rubber-gloved chastisement by Nurse Stein. In the midst of all this Martin's seduction of Linda appears more inevitable and erotic than any of these "adult" sex games. Oedipal desire has never looked more natural.

Track 29 also takes a swipe at the infantilism of American culture (or perhaps of popular culture in general). In a house full of toys and swimming pools the TV blares endless banality—cartoons and pseudo-scientific explanations. Popular songs simplify the most complex of emotions and Henry's triumphant and ridiculous keynote address to the Trainorama convention elevates a hobby to a way of life. Model railways are part of the "intellectual hygeine" that has made America great.

Surprisingly, however, the film's main problem is that it is not weird *enough*; it binds all its fragments together rather too neatly. In a cathartic climax Linda is made whole again as she is able to accept the past and thus able to take control of her life. The past and the present *are* reconciled.

While *Track 29* documents the shared obsessions of its makers, one suspects that it is in fact the differences between them that would have produced something more disturbing. For although Roeg's self-consciously "modern" approach to film spatialises time into a series of visual images and fragments a single incident by multiple viewpoints—rather like a cubist painting, Potter's script demands a single dramatic moment in which everything comes together and is somehow resolved. Likewise, there is a tension between Potter's use of sexuality as revelatory and Roeg's own repeated forays into the innately self-destructive power of sex.

More generally however, a film like *Track 29* throws up the question of what exactly can be regarded as innovative or avant-garde. Roeg's brilliant editing, intercutting, flashback and flash-forward techniques have been copied in some of the best adverts and in Hollywood films. Technique—whether stylistic or dramatic—is no longer subversive or disruptive in its own right. *Track 29* shows that in the modern world, as the line between the commercial and the avant-garde dissolves, modernism is no longer enough.

Theresa Russell and Gary Oldman in "Track 29": the key to truth is through sex

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Craig and Charlie Reid, The Proclaimers: capturing the essence of Scotland

Music

Love and devolution

Stuart Cosgrove on why the SNP has the best tunes

When parliament turns its mind to the affairs of pop, hilarity is only a hair's breadth away. In the last month, two of Scotland's beleaguered MPs have turned to pop music in the hope of gaining a new credibility.

The flamboyant Perthshire MP, Nicholas Fairbairn, was angered by the moral bankruptcy of Michael Jackson's world tour and felt the youth of Scotland were being unduly corrupted. True to form, he then turned up at an investiture ceremony at Buckingham Palace, dressed in full Brigadoon regalia. Looking like a tin of shortbread, Fairbairn found himself on the cover of every Scottish tabloid. In a devastatingly apt leader in the *Daily Record*, the paper pointed out that Michael Jackson is a pop star and therefore is paid to dress up and look stupid. Sir Nicholas, on the contrary, is a national politician with no mandate to look stupid. In fact, the paper implied, as one of Thatcher's few supporters in Scotland, he has no mandate to be running Scottish affairs either.

But Tory MPs are seduced by the thrill of pop. Speaking in the Commons, Malcolm Rifkind, the Secretary of State for Scotland, and a man whose name unkindly translates as "fart" or "burp" in some areas of the Highlands, attacked the Scottish Nationalist Party's (SNP) rising pop profile.

Rifkind was enraged that the television star Muriel Gray, a leading SNP personality, had advocated firebombing the *Sun*'s Wapping plant in an article in Edinburgh's pop magazine *The Cut*. Rifkind claimed her remarks were typical of the SNP's irresponsibility in advocating the non-payment of poll tax and supporting campaigns of civil disobedience.

Ironically, it is the SNP's active policies which have attracted so many young recruits to their cause and encouraged musicians who might otherwise identify with the Labour Party pressure group, Red Wedge, to throw their weight behind the new nationalism.

The SNP's ace musical card, The Proclaimers, release their new single *I'm Gonna Be* (Chrysalis) this week. A sentimental love song, it is the first single from their stunningly creative second album *Sunshine On Leith*, whose title alone betrays it as a tribute to their adopted city of Edinburgh.

The bespectacled twins Craig and Charlie Reid, who hail from the small Fife town of

Nicholas Fairbairn was angered by the moral bankruptcy of Michael Jackson's world tour and felt the youth of Scotland were being unduly corrupted

Auchtermuchty, captured the essence of Scotland's doomsday-scenario with their emotionally nationalistic clarion song *Letter From America*. A lament for the economic exiles, it took politics to *Top Of The Pops* by comparing the ravages of the Highland clearances to Thatcher's industrial destruction of central Scotland.

Sunshine On Leith is proof that The Proclaimers have a rare talent. Their ability to write instantly memorable songs which shift carefully from political over-statement to highly personalised accounts of romance, love and memory stand out like a beacon on the landscape of pop's "new authenticity".

Two tracks from *Sunshine On Leith* update the political concerns of *Letter From America*. A belligerent bitter-suite *What Do You Do?* catches Scotland at the point of failed democracy and poses rhetorical questions to the listener: "What do you do when democracy is through? What do you do when minority means you?"

Cap In Hand, a song about the north-south divide, regrets the sight of Scotland—the noble beggar—being forced to go cap-in-hand to the rich south for economic handouts.

The Proclaimers' anthemic songs, rich in political slogans, are kissed by a subtlety that assumes a detailed emotional knowledge of Scotland. The singer lists the native skills of the Scots: "I can say Saskatchewan without starting to stutter. But I can't understand why we let someone else rule our land, cap in hand." The line connects back to *Letter From America* —evoking the memory of a generation of Scots who left home to work in Canada's uranium mines. The Scottish child, incapable of saying sorry, can say Saskatchewan at the age of five.

If the Proclaimers were merely the minstrels of Scotland's claims for self-government they would be trapped by the contradictions of political pop: two guitars in search of a slogan. But the Reid brothers have an uncanny taste for elevated sentiment which manifests itself in a neo-romantic love of country music, lullabies and evocative ballads. In a collection that ranges from an invigorating cover-version of Steve Earle's *My Old Friend The Blues* to a title track which pays homage to the shifting fortunes of Edinburgh's docklands, *Sunshine On Leith* must be one of the best releases of 1988.

If The Proclaimers recount the fortunes of Scotland to the tune of country and western tear-jerkers, then Glasgow's Hue And Cry, led by another prominent SNP member Patrick Kane, are in New York working on an album of lush radicalism. Under the tutelage of Frank Sinatra's and Barbara Streisand's arranger, Kane may yet deliver his elusive pop dream, an LP that binds lust and devolutionary politics in the sugar-coated pleasures of *South Pacific*.

Hue And Cry are in New York after a recent tour of small Scottish towns which was knowingly billed as "The Grabbing the Thistle Tour", after an editorial in the influential political magazine *Radical Scotland*. Modelled on the infamous Majestic's tour from the sardonic television comedy *Tutti Frutti*, the intention was to reverse the trend of the long drift south and revitalise the old Scottish chittlin' circuit. Almost immediately, the idea has been taken up by Hue And Cry's local rivals Love and Money who embark on a tour of the Highlands and Islands this week.

Led by Glasgow premier heart-throb James Grant, Love and Money will be adding a designer dimension to *The Sky Boat Song* when they perform their new single *Hallelujah Man* (Polydor) on some of the more remote islands.

For this month at least, the devil has been usurped, and the SNP has the best tunes.

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Television

Smile please

Caroline Merz on the meaning of the family snapshot

Almost everyone keeps an album—or at least an old tin box—of family photographs. It's brought out on supposedly happy occasions like Christmas, or sad ones, particularly after a death in the family. The family album is a source of nostalgia, the reliving of emotions and frequently of embarrassment. But only certain rituals and occasions are documented. Christenings and weddings, yes; divorces and funerals, no.

Snapshots are both cherished (by those who own them) and despised (by "real" photographers). The gap between amateurism and professionalism, and between "creative" photography and the snapshot is often seen as unbridgeable. And television tends to reinforce this view. Programmes about photography can generally be divided into two categories: how-to series, obsessed with f-stops and filters; and high-brow ones about photography as art.

Often a family photograph album is the only visual record of our lives that we possess. But what kind of record is this, in which people are always smiling, nuclear families are always united, and life appears to be one long holiday? **Opening Up The Family Album** (C4 Tuesday 8-8.30pm) is a four-part series which explores the meaning behind the happy images.

As Jo Spence has pointed out in her recent autobiography *Putting Myself in the Picture*, to most people a picture is either something that illustrates a text, or a simple record of the high spots of life. The idea of re-educating people to understand representation—and family photography in particular—as an ideological process may sound patronising and dreary. In fact, *Opening Up The Family Album* manages to be neither.

A lot of the series is about who controls the image, and what is missing from apparently innocuous photographs. Almost all the people interviewed are themselves photographers, but as well as talking heads there are artful sequences reconstructing, say, an old attic full of dusty photographs or a cosy, idealised 1930s home; the kind of place you might reconstruct in memory after looking at childhood photographs.

One of the most obvious things banished from the family album is work, or anything to do with work. Ironically, there are certain depressed areas where you can have a souvenir photo taken of yourself as a "worker". To illustrate this, there is a sequence showing a group of children on a visit to a Welsh colliery. Dressed up as miners with helmets, dirty overalls and all, they pose against a painted pit-head backdrop, and in time-honoured style are even invited to say "cheese". Pictures of children, of course, form the backbone of any family album—but if those children happen to be dead, it's another matter. For death, like work, is taboo. Yet one participant describes how much she values a photograph of her baby who died shortly after birth. The picture of the dead baby (taken by a photo-therapist specialising in such work) shocked her friends, who found it "unacceptable" and macabre; to her, however, it had a rightful place alongside photographs of her older daughter.

The series' great strength is in the way it unravels how important so-called snapshots are in constructing identity. They can offer proof that you belong somewhere; as one young man says, "the evidence is there in a photo that I do actually belong to a family of black people"—the thing that racism denies. But the conventional, stereotyped family groupings also suppress the reality of power relationships; usually unwittingly, sometimes more deliberately. A photograph of a little girl and boy riding their bicycles and smiling into the camera seems harmless enough; a moment of childhood captured (as the Kodak ads would say) by the camera. The reality behind the image—as described by the now grown-up girl—is quite different. Her father, who took the picture, was an extremely violent man who regularly beat her up. He made her and her brother pose in happy-looking positions to establish, quite deliberately, a reality which didn't exist. To achieve this particular image the children had to ride past their father over and over again until in his terms, "they got it right".

Where *Opening Up The Family Album* succeeds is in expressing complex theories about image and self-image in an accessible way. It's not a series of lectures which one can sit back and listen to passively, but an involving experience in itself: actively engaging the viewer's curiosity, inviting us to compare our own experience with those of the people on the screen.

Most television which overtly draws in the audience in this way tends to come under the "guilty pleasures" (lowbrow entertainment) category: the quiz show *Family Fortunes*, for instance, asks participants and viewers to work out what other people would have said in answer to a particular question. And whereas most conventional television series are actually one programme padded out or cut up simply for the sake of convenience, *Family Album* falls in to four meaningful parts: the power of studio photographers and holiday snappers to turn messy reality into cliche and fantasy; what the photographs conceal, and how we can face up to what's been pushed aside; using photographs in therapy and the importance of personal photographs as historical documents.

As Stuart Hall comments in the last programme of the series, the old attitude to family albums is not to take them seriously because the pictures "aren't very good". But they should be taken seriously, however lacking in the technical sense: "We don't see what explosive little documents they are". Opening up the family album may be like opening up a can of worms, but then that's the point.

Opening up the family album: reveals the secrets buried beneath the happy images. Only certain rituals and occasions are documented: weddings and christenings, yes; divorce and funerals, no.

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Theatre

Coming up for air

Albert Hunt on play-acting in the late 1980s

Watching The Traverse production of Manfred Karge's play, **The Conquest of the South Pole** (Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, 16 August to 3 September), I had the sense of a theatre that's been keeping its head down for the best part of a decade cautiously emerging from the trenches. Not yet ready to take on the big guns, perhaps, but willing to fire off a few well-placed pellets.

By theatre, I don't mean The Traverse itself. The Traverse, which flourished as a theatre club in the late sixties and early seventies, nearly went under in the early eighties. But Jenny Killick, who took over as artistic director in 1985, and Anne Bonnar, who joined her as general manager in 1986, have revived the theatre's fortunes. A one-off grant from the Scottish Arts Council and the Edinburgh district council, enabled them to restructure the building and turn it from a private club into a public theatre. The bar and restaurant have been refurbished, courtesy of Alloa breweries. New productions and visits by international companies have brought back the audiences. The theatre's financial future is guaranteed for the next three years. When Jenny Killick moves on at the end of this year's Edinburgh Festival, she will leave a theatre that is doing very nicely, thank-you.

The conquest of theatre as fun: a questioning evening at Edinburgh's Traverse

The theatre I'm talking about is a form of theatre that says, with Brecht, that theatre's passport is fun, but that this doesn't stop the theatre from dealing with the desperate. Karge worked with Brecht's Berliner Ensemble some years after Brecht's death. But the part of Brecht that isn't taught in the drama schools, the part that says that theatre has to be entertaining before it could be anything else, has clearly rubbed off on Karge. He has written a ferociously funny play about unemployed men.

Putting unemployed people back on the agenda is in itself something of an achievement. Mrs Thatcher hasn't abolished them, but she has made it untrendy to talk about them. Karge says: "Look, they're still here—in a small town in West Germany, just as in Britain. They're as desperate as ever."

One of them is so desperate that when the play opens he's on the point of hanging himself. Or is he simply performing? With his head on the noose, he tells us he's discovered that life isn't worth living. He'd thought it was because he had no money, but he's read that French millionaires are in despair, too—they call it "*l'ennui*". "Try giving us an encore," says one of his friends, calling him a "pale imitation of Belmondo". He's even staged his hanging behind a red curtain. Play-acting is at the centre of *The Conquest of the South Pole*.

There's nothing particularly revolutionary about this (though one enthusiastic critic has called the play "post-post modern"). Karge has gone back to a popular tradition which keeps raising its head whenever a conformist theatre begins to believe its own versions of reality. The tradition has always affirmed that theatre is basically about people playing at being other people. In Shakespeare, boys played at being women, who were sometimes playing at being men. In Moliere, strolling players played at being courtiers. Brecht, in *Arturo Ui*, had a Hitler who looked like Charlie Chaplin, playing at being a Chicago gangster, who played at being a Shakespearian actor. Karge's unemployed men play at being Amundsen conquering the South Pole.

The element of play is in itself liberating. Sheets hanging on a washing line become glaciers. The pair of shorts between them becomes a way through the ice. A man playing at being a husky dog is shot by a toy gun. He dies and then gets up again.

The actors play with the audience. A man reads slowly and painfully from Amundsen's book. He stumbles over a word. Long before he pronounces it we realise that the word is "achieve". We want to give him the word, but finally he reads it. We share his achievement.

The element of play gives us victories. When the group reaches the South Pole, they pose on the white cloth of a dinner table. But it also brings us back to realities. At the Pole, we've been told, Amundsen passed round the cigars. The leader of this expedition of the dispossessed takes out a crumpled cigarette. He lights it and passes it round.

Karge has given back to us a piece of theatre vocabulary that we urgently need. We need it if our theatre is going to help us to question and begin to dismantle the myths that are being constructed around us. But, ironically, Karge doesn't question the myth. His play seems to accept that unemployment is a permanent fact of life in the late eighties—something to be coped with—by the unemployed.

The struggles his people have are all with each other. Will the woman take her washing away? Will her husband take a job and drop out of the adventure? Will they play at Amundsen or Shackleton? The only encounter they have with one of the possessors comes when a yuppie man brings his apparently docile wife to a birthday dinner. The man passes round snapshots of a package holiday at the South Pole. He talks of the good ideas Hitler had when he built the *autobahn*. His wife finally rebels by taking off her blouse, and they all throw him out. It's another victory, but the man is an easy target. He's so obviously objectionable that there's no need to take him seriously.

Which is why the play doesn't take on the big guns. The theatre's had its head in the trenches because the big guns have shown they can wipe us out. Puff, and the steel industry's gone. Puff, puff, and the coalmines are closed. What chance for a questioning theatre?

Brecht wanted to use his passport of fun to show us how our world works. Karge shows us the dispossessed claiming their imaginative rights. But he doesn't show us the people who have dispossessed them by playing out their own fantasies of wealth and power.

Still, a stroll above the parapet with a toy gun is an advance on keeping your head down. Don't miss out on the play if you're visiting Edinburgh this summer.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

THE COUNCIL FOR Housing Young People requires live-in Volunteer helpers for its house in Wilton Street, Glasgow. Do your personal qualities combine patience with caring, good listening and communication skills with a substantial degree of understanding? Can you give time, energy and constructive support to the young homeless as they move towards independent living? If this all sounds too much then worry not, we are not looking for Saintly Martyrs or people with a PhD in human behaviour, and if you've read this far then it's likely that you possess the most important attribute required for the job - a deep concern for young people and their continuing welfare. Tel: 041 946 9207 for further details, or write to C.H.Y.P. Hostel, 171 Wilton Street, G20 6DF.

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CRESCENT Community Centre, NW5. We aim to promote the use of the centre by ALL members of the community. We need volunteers urgently to help both with established groups and to help set up new initiatives, especially with women, blacks and the ethnic minorities. Contact Catherine, Geoff or Martin on 485 7686.

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VOLUNTEERS needed for office support work (part-time) in the Samaritan National Appeal Office in Central London. Help needed mainly in organising large mailings in small but friendly office, also with computer input and various special events. Please contact Samantha Stapleton at Samaritan National Appeal Office, 46 Marshall St., London, W1V 1LR. Tel: 01 439 1149.

help

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Closing date: August 29, 1988.

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A.C.T.T. National Organiser

ACTT the film and broadcasting Union seeks applications for the post of National Organiser in Independent Television. Applicants should have a commitment to the Trade Union movement. The responsibilities of this London-based post include local and national negotiation, organisation, recruitment and associated duties. The post is pensionable and permanent. Salary and conditions are in accordance with the APEX/ACTT Agreement.

ACTT is an equal opportunities employer and applications are welcome regardless of sex, race, ethnic origin or sexuality. We are committed to increasing employment opportunities for people with disabilities and, although this job is open to any applicant, applications from people with disabilities will be particularly welcome.

Further details of the post and an application form can be obtained from:

Alan Sapper, General Secretary, ACTT, 111 Wardour Street, London, W1V 4AY. Tel: 01-437 8506. Ext.228.

Closing date for receipt of applications: Monday 29th August, 1988.

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Christian Aid
CHURCHES IN ACTION WITH THE WORLD'S POOR

RESEARCHER

Christian Aid has a vacancy for a Researcher to join its small team providing information and briefings on which future policy and action of the agency can be based.

Candidates should be educated to degree level in Development Studies, Economics, Politics, or a similar discipline, be well informed on overseas development and related matters and have a minimum of one year's research experience. The ability to communicate complex issues in a cogent and coherent manner is essential, as is sympathy with Christian Aid's objectives.

Salary: £10,704.12 pa & LV's.

Closing date: 7th September 1988.

Apply in writing only for job description and application form, enclosing a 26p sae (A4 size), to the Personnel Officer, Christian Aid, P.O. Box 100, London, SE1 7RT.

WE ARE AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

WESSEX REGIONAL HEALTH AUTHORITY

Wessex Cancer Intelligence Unit
We are looking for a

Research Assistant

to help with the analysis and presentation of data concerning cancer intelligence and the use of cancer services throughout the Wessex Region.

This is a new post in a recently established unit. Ideally, we are looking for a graduate or equivalent with statistical computing and research experience who would be anxious to help us with this project and make a personal contribution. It is a small, friendly team based at the Royal Hants Hospital, Southampton. It is a full-time post working 37 hours per week on a salary scale of £6,884 to £8,990 per annum plus a 5% promised increase.

Leonie Mountney on Southampton (0703) 634288, extension 2759 is willing to discuss the post in further detail and job description with application form, is available from the Personnel Department, Wessex Regional Health Authority, Highcroft, Romsey Road, Winchester, Hants. Telephone (0962) 62407 (24 hour ansaphone).

Closing date: 29th August 1988.

LEICESTER RIGHTS CENTRE

PROJECT CO-ORDINATOR

The Centre is a second-tier law centre providing information, advice consultation and training to voluntary and statutory agencies in the city of Leicester. It also undertakes some case work and research in various fields of welfare law. The Project Co-Ordinator is responsible for the smooth and efficient running of the Centre, for the supervision of administrative staff, and for our external relations with funding bodies, the wider community etc.

Applicants should have relevant experience in law centres, advice centres or similar agencies, as well as appropriate financial and administrative experience. Familiarity with local government, advice work or community work in the voluntary sector would be an advantage. The postholder will be expected to have or to develop an expertise in one of the centre's specialist areas of advice.

The Centre aims to be an equal opportunities employer and is currently developing its policy. The successful applicant will be expected to help in formulating and implementing this policy. Salary £12804 -£13812 (PO1).

For further details and applications forms contact: Leicester Rights Centre, 6 Bishop Street, Leicester, LE1 6AF (0533 553781).

Closing date for applications August 31st 1988.

Interviews 14th September 1988.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

PRINCIPAL COUNSELLOR

To head the College's counselling, advisory and information service. The Unit, CHAT, provides a service to the College's members UK wide.

This interesting and demanding post calls for a skilled and seasoned counsellor who can demonstrate the ability to run and develop services and manage a small highly professional team.

Applicants should be accredited with the British Association for Counselling (or eligible). Ideally you should have already worked with nurses, and preferably have a nursing qualification.

Salary will be in the range of £15631 - £18439 plus £1871 London Weighting. The RCN offers excellent conditions of service which include a non-smoking working environment.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

For futher information and an application form contact the Principal Personnel Officer, Royal College of Nursing, 20 Cavendish Square, London, W1M 0AB. Tel: 01-409 3333 ext. 343. (Application form to be returned by 19th August 1988).

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Lothian Regional Council

Department of Social Work

As Scotland's Capital City, Edinburgh is an important legal, cultural, academic and financial centre. Unrivalled for its architectural beauty, the City provides easy access to both coast and countryside, giving a quality of life which is unmatched in other major cities in the U.K.

Applications are invited for the following demanding posts in the Department's residential estabishments.

DEPUTE OFFICER IN CHARGE PORTHAVEN OLD PEOPLE'S HOME, LEITH, EDINBURGH £13188-£14223 (Under Review)

This purpose-built residential facility for the elderly provides 48 beds plus day care facilities for the local community. Candidates preferably qualified, should have previous 'senior' experience with the elderly, have sound management and supervisory practice and be familiar with the needs of the elderly in a residential setting. Informal enquiries to Pat Keane, Assistant Principal Officer (Elderly), Tel: 031-553 8311. *REF: 6402AAA*

DEPUTE OFFICER IN CHARGE MILLPARK CHILDREN'S HOME, EDINBURGH £9873-£11700 (Under Review)

RESIDENTIAL CARE OFFICER CALDER GROVE CHILDREN'S UNIT, EDINBURGH £7833-£9873 (Unqualified) £9255-£11700 (Qualified) Temporary to 31.3.89.

SENIOR PERIPATETIC (Temporary to 6.3.91) CHILDREN'S HOMES, EDINBURGH £10887-£11700

The above are residential facilities for children and young people aged between 12 and 16 years of age. Candidates should be qualified CSS/CQSW and have previous experience of working with children/ adolescents. Millpark has 15 beds and Calder Grove has 12 beds and provides an emergency reception/ assessment facility. The post for the Senior Peripatetic covers a patch based at Northfield in Edinburgh. Lothian delivers a high quality of residential care for the children in its Units and candidates will accordingly be of the highest calibre.
Informal enquiries to Sam Craig, Assistant Principal (Children), Tel: 031-553 8261 or Donny Scott, Tel: 031-553 8261.
Ref 1. 5442AAA • 2. 5453ABA • 3. 5091 ASA

APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE PERSONNEL OFFICER, 7, SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH. TEL: 031-554 3997 (ANSWER PHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HOURS PER DAY)

Closing date: August 26th 1988.

Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunity employer and will prevent discrimination particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religion, sexual orientation, nationality or ethnic origin.

LOTHIAN

Social Services Department

SANDWELL IS PUSHING HOME CARE TO THE FOREFRONT OF SERVICES TO BLACK PEOPLE

HOME CARE ORGANISER

Re-advertisement (Previous Applicants need not apply)

GRADE: Scale 5 — £8988 - £9873 (Ref: SS883)

We are organised on a Patch basis with four operational Districts, each having responsibility for its own fieldwork, residential and domicillary resources. The Home Care Service provides help for people who are unable because of age, disability, handicap or other disadvantages to cope with their every day needs. The service is continuously being developed as part of our integrated system of Personal Social Services to respond to the needs of the community.

This post will be responsible for the day to day management of the Home Care Service in the St Paul's Ward of Smethwick.

This is a multi-cultural patch and applicants must be experienced in, and have, an understanding of the needs of South Asian and Afro-Caribbean people.

The duties will include the assessment of needs and allocation of help accordingly, together with direct responsibility for a team of approximately 35 Home Helps.

Applicants for this post should be qualified (CSS or Diploma in Home Care Management) but consideration will be given from applicants with Home Care Management experience.

An essential car users allowance is payable and a car leasing scheme is currently being negotiated.

Closing date: August 23, 1988.

Requests for application forms and job description (quoting reference number and enclosing sae) should be made to:
Director of Social Services,
12 Lombard Street,
West Bromwich,
West Midlands
B70 8RT.

Sandwell is an equal opportunity employer. A Union membership agreement is in operation. (Canvassing of members of the Authority will disqualify).

sandwell
Metropolitan Borough Council

An Equal Opportunity Employer — at your service.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
SCHOOL OF LAW

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

Applications are invited for a Research Associate to work in the field of defence services in criminal cases. The post is for two years from 1st October 1988 and is funded by the Economic and Social Research Council. A first degree in law, sociology or other relevant discipline is required. Research experience, though not essential, would be an advantage. Salary will be at the third point on the Research and Analogous Staff scale, currently £9,865 per annum.

Further details and application forms are available from **The Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL (0203 523627)** quoting Ref No 1/A/88/48 (please mark clearly on envelope). Closing date for applications 31 August 1988

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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GENERAL FEDERATION OF TRADE UNIONS

Trade Union Education Officer

The General Federation of Trade Unions has a vacancy for an Education Officer, starting salary £14,456 inc. London Weighting. The post involves both teaching and administration of courses for the member unions of the Federation and the GFTU Educational Trust.

Further details and an application form can be obtained from the General Secretary, GFTU, Central House, Upper Woburn Place, London, WC1H OHY. The closing date for applications is 9th September 1988 and interviews will take place on 19th/20th September. Candidates should have a firm commitment to the Trade Union Movement.

Liaison Officer

(Voluntary Organisations)

. . . up to £12075 (pay award pending)

The development of partnerships with the voluntary sector is regarded as a key element in the service delivery strategy of the department. The postholder, who will require a professional social work qualification or a degree or diploma in social administration or a similar discipline, will be responsible for promoting this strategy, advising on financial arrangements and representing the Department on the management committees of voluntary groups. Postholder will be accountable to the Assistant Director.

Generous relocation allowances are payable and the Council has a car leasing scheme. Assistance with temporary housing available.

Further details and application forms obtainable by writing to Director of Social Services, Ednam House, St. James's Road, Dudley, West Midlands, DY1 3JJ, return by 26th August.

We positively encourage applications from black people, and those from other ethnic minorities, people with disabilities and women where they are under-represented in the workforce.

DUDLEY
Metropolitan Borough
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The Parliamentary Black Caucus requires a:

DEVELOPMENT WORKER/ ADMINISTRATOR

First class administrative skills, typing and/or wordprocessor skills, an interest in current affairs and knowledge of the ethnic minority communities will be essential.

Linguistic skills are desirable.

The successful applicant will be based at the House of Commons.

Closing date for applications 25th September 1988.

For further details write to: Diane Abbott MP, Secretary - Parliamentary Black Caucus, House of Commons, London, SW1.

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HOUSING DIRECTORATE

£22 to £24K*

The City of Glasgow District Council is one of the largest housing authorities in Britain. It owns and manages 170,000 council houses (57% of Glasgow's housing). It is committed to a policy of diversification of tenure and decentralisation of management. Notwithstanding recent improvements, the City has formidable housing problems but enjoys a reputation for pragmatism and imaginative innovation in tackling these and in facing the challenge of inadequate funding.

The Department has an annual turnover of £400m; employs 2,000 staff; and has a capital investment programme of £650m over 5 years for the improvement of its own stock, with a further £200m in support of private sector repairs, improvements and construction.

To provide the best possible service and to meet the challenge of new legislation, the Housing Directorate has been re-organised and the Council is seeking candidates with a high level of managerial experience and achievement to act as providers of resources and consultancy services to the Depute Director and the Department's operational managers.

They will operate strategically and will have appropriate resources under their control to carry out the day-to-day work. The key role for the Directorate as a team will be the development and implementation of the Council's housing strategy within its overall objectives and policies.

HEAD OF CORPORATE SERVICES

Will provide personnel and training services to operational managers and be responsible for Departmental administration and systems, including the specification and development of computer systems. The postholder will also be responsible for the production and analysis of management information, industrial relations and the preparation and organisation of appropriate publicity and information to promote the Department's image.

HEAD OF FINANCE

Will be a member of CIPFA and be the main financial adviser to the Directorate and operational managers with responsibility for the Department's financial monitoring, accounts, budgetary preparation and control. A key role will be identifying funding for the Council's housing programme, both capital and revenue, using all available sources and developing new ones within Council policy.

HEAD OF DEVELOPMENT

Will design a strategy to meet the Council's housing policy objectives and the operational needs of the service. He/she will assist the Depute Director and District Housing Managers to develop local strategies with particular emphasis on comprehensive area renewal and investment. He/she will co-ordinate investment programmes by other agencies and develop initiatives with the private sector and will also provide development resources to assist in the promotion of co-operatives, other alternative tenures and in meeting special housing needs.

All of the successful candidates will be able to demonstrate a proven record of achievement at a very senior level and must be able to specify clearly standards to be achieved and have the management skills to deliver them in a decentralised environment.

Application forms, together with further information, available from the Town Clerk, City Chambers, Glasgow G2 1DU, quoting reference MLB (telephone 041-227 4167) to be completed and returned by Friday 26th August 1988.

*** Salary award pending.**

Applications are welcome from all individuals, regardless of their colour, nationality, ethnic origin, religion, social background, marital status, sex, age or disability.

CITY OF GLASGOW

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PRINCIPAL RESEARCH OFFICER/ DEPUTY DIRECTOR

AUSTRALIA

The Brotherhood of St Laurence is a welfare agency committed to improving the position of disadvantaged people. Through its Social Policy and Research Centre it undertakes research and policy work in the priority areas of child and family poverty, housing and employment.

A social scientist with experience as principal investigator, research supervision and management is sought to manage a research unit.

Postgraduate qualifications and experience in the use of quantitative techniques and data sets would be an advantage.

Further information and a position description are available from the Human Resources Manager, Brotherhood of St Laurence, 67 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065, Australia. Telephone (613) 419 7055.

Applications close on September 2, 1988.

arm5834

BROTHERHOOD

BROTHERHOOD OF ST LAURENCE

67 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065, Australia

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IVS Overseas endeavours to tackle the causes of deprivation and underdevelopment by placing personnel in posts that promote self-reliance and reduce dependency.

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Applicants must be - qualified with at least 2 years post qualification experience, between 21 and 65 years old, and eligible for permanent right of residence in the UK or Ireland.

IVS Overseas provides: briefings, language training, return air fares, accommodation, medical cover, NI contributions, various grants and allowances and a salary based on local rates. Minimum two year contract. Regret no funding for dependents.

Those interested send CV to:

RECRUITMENT/SELECTION UNIT 3, BELVOIR STREET, LEICESTER LE1 6SL.

Please quote Ref: NS/07/88.

IVS

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

to work full-time with small team of journalists on busy education magazine in Euston area. General office duties, correspondence, liaison with contributors, copy typing. WP experience valuable or training given. Hours and pay negotiable. Good holidays and working conditions. Non-smoker preferred.

Write with full CV to:

Editor, Teacher, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, WC1H 9BS by 20th August.

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UNIVERSITY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Centre for Urban and Regional Development Studies

Research Associate

Cultural Industries and Urban and Regional Development

The Centre is seeking to appoint a researcher to support an evolving programme of work in the above field. The programme is concerned with furthering understanding of the place of cultural industries in economic and social change at the local level and developing appropriate policies for exploiting the current dynamics in this sector in relation to the regeneration of lagging areas.

The successful candidate is likely to have a first degree in Geography, Economics or Sociology and postgraduate research experience, preferably involving survey research. The appointment will be for one year from 1st October 1988 in the first instance. Salary will be on the Grade IA Scale £9,865 - £15,720 per annum according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars can be obtained from **Mrs. N. Parker, Administrative Assistant, Centre for Urban and Regional Development Studies, University of Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7RU** with whom applications (three copies) together with the names of three referees should be lodged not later than 31st August 1988.

WANDSWORTH HEALTH AUTHORITY

ST GEORGE'S HOSPITAL

Voluntary Services Organiser

Salary: (G.A.A.) £6,884 - £8,990 + £1,201 London Weighting (depending on qualifications and experience, pay award pending)

This post involves all aspects of the co-ordination of Voluntary Services within this busy and expanding hospital. These include the recruitment and selection, effective deployment, and appraisal of volunteers. Additionally, there is responsibility for the development of the service and maintenance of established public relations and links with voluntary services agencies.

Applicants should possess excellent interpersonal and organisational skills. An established and proven interest on voluntary service organisations would be a considerable asset.

Application forms and job descriptions are available from Jean Hudson, Personnel Assistant, on 01 672 1255 Ext. 51646.

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1st-20th May 1989.

requires a

COMMUNITY EVENTS ORGANISER

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The organiser will be responsible for Community Events within the overall programme.
The successful applicant will be experienced in working with a wide range of Community organisations, operating within an agreed budget, have a broad-based knowledge of the arts and good organisational skills. Salary negotiable.
Applications with curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees by 26th August 1988 to:

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The length of the course is two calendar years part-time, one calendar year full-time.

Further details are available from:

Margherita Rendel, Course Tutor, Human Rights and Education, Institute of Education University of London, 58 Gordon Square, London, WC1H ONT.

Personal

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FEMALE LIBRARIAN, 36, seeks room in quiet, N/S, shared house, North or East London. Write to Box (32) 070.

Agenda

31 Aug

***8 years of Solidarnosc Anniversary Demo
Wednesday 31st August
6.15pm London, Hyde Park
Near Reformers Street***

Speakers from main Political Parties, Trade Unions, Solidarnosc Polish Community, opposition activists from the Soviet bloc. Followed by march to the Embassy of the Polish Peoples' Republic.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) THE WINTER'S TALE. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) THE CHANGELING, CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. Cottesloe (small stage) THE STRANGENESS OF OTHERS, MRS KLEIN by Nicholas Wright. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information on 01-928 2256.

Exhibitions

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'UNHEARD MELODIES'**

**CAMDEN ARTS CENTRE
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M-F 10.30-5.30; Sat & Sun 2-6**

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FAINT-HEARTED FEMINIST, (ex-smoker) 52, seeks kind Quixotic unattached male companion to share personal, intellectual and geographical exploration, M62 vicinity. Box (32) 071.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, early 50s warm, adventurous, home-loving, who enjoys fell-walking, travel, the arts, seeks interesting unattached man for long-term caring relationship. Kendal area. Box (32) 072.

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SHE SEEKS HIM HERE, she seeks him there. Is there an intelligent caring man within travelling distance of Manchester interested in meeting an intelligent, caring woman in her 40s. If so write to Box (32) 074.

BACHELOR, KENSINGTON, seeks disabled girl, under 30, possible with callipers for mutual friendship. I am not disabled. Please give your phone number. Box (32) 075.

YOUNG MAN, 26, travelled 5 continents, now back in Britain seeks kind, loyal girlfriend. Interests: politics, writing, languages. London/South East. Please write to Box (32) 076.

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THE DIGGER

Fun and games in the garden beats serious singing any day, says Stuart Weir

Is my incompetence in the garden for real or just a game? asks reader Daphne Dennison. Well, it's a bit of both, really, though I'd prefer to describe it as inexperience. There are loads of things which are supposed to be fun, games even, like singing, painting, swimming, tennis, which we learn at school either to do very well or not at all. Well, I'm all for performing very badly at singing, swimming, badminton, gardening, table football and Snakes and Ladders, and thoroughly enjoying it for its own sake. But I do get an extra frisson from freeing myself from the authoritarian demands of expertise and excellence.

Anyway, as we know well here, perseverance works. When I first took up gardening, I was entirely ignorant. I lived then in the Balls Pond Road, a grimy thoroughfare in Hackney, and had a "front area", a rough concrete patch a few yards square, instead of a garden in front of the house. Then the gentry moved in, removed the mess of cartons, newspapers, crisps bags, etc, from their front areas and began to cultivate them.

The new gardens looked jolly nice and I decided to join in. An architect down the road, pleased at this interest among the natives, encouraged me with advice. So I took a week off work, hired a pneumatic drill, and broke up the concrete crust and hardcore below. I also practically shook myself to bits and ruined my ears. Still, the architect popped down the road with large glasses of whisky and told me the way to calculate how much topsoil to order.

A lorry arrived at 7am on Saturday morning, and before I had time to get my socks on, had reversed up over the pavement and pitched a small mountain on top of my hole. What to do? I climbed the mountain and stuck a notice on top: "FREE TOPSOIL: TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT". That morning the only evident sign of interest came from a small man who kept running backwards and forwards with a smaller pail. But then people arrived with dustbins and hired vans, and within two days, the mountain was reduced to the level of the retaining wall I'd built. (That's another story.)

"Um," said the architect, "this soil isn't too good. You'd better put some manure on this. I can get you some." Well, thanks I said, and he was as good as his word. A few weeks later the earth was covered in a smelly mess of straw and manure. Even amid the heady mix of diesel and take-home Chinese, the smell made its presence felt. But nature was of course quietly working its wonders and next spring, just as I was contemplating my planting policy ("lots of shrubs, Stuart," the architect advised) I woke up to discover that I had a cornfield in my front area.

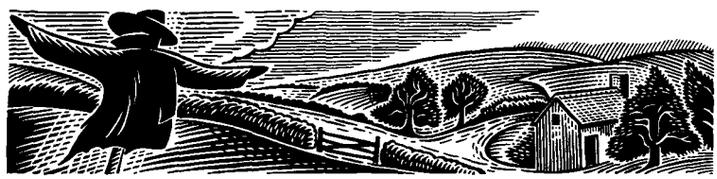
I can't tell you how pleased and astonished the local people were. I can still remember standing in my front window and watching people stop, stare and burst into incredulous laughter. One man took an ear of corn between his fingers, gently broke it, and showed it to his wife. "Bloody amazing, innit?" he said, "Corn in the Balls Pond Road."

The EEC turned down my application for subsidy so I abandoned the cornfield at the end of the summer and—here's the moral of this tale—really got into planting shrubs and bulbs to provide flowers more or less continuously, and a tasty mix of foliage for the winter.

I checked it out the other day. There was just one surprise. I planted a delicate shrub with pale yellow-green leaves. It's either gone mad or it's a tree. It now stands at least 20 feet high and is quite the most inspired touch in the garden.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward is alarmed as the City of London spreads over Spitalfields



My friend Bobby has for 25 years had his little office in Commercial Street, London E1. Nowadays he's besieged with phone calls making offers for the premises.

Bobby is always polite. He listens to the smart young speculators, gratefully accepts their offers, and just when they propose to come round with the papers, explains that he doesn't actually own the place. Receiver crashes down at the other end. I keep telling him that he's going to be bought out, squeezed out or otherwise eased out, but he goes on believing in his gentleman's agreement with the landlord, forgetting that there aren't any gentle men in the property business.

I went the other night to an exhibition called "A Farewell to Spitalfields". It was rushed together by John Shaw and Ralph Samuel of Ruskin College, from old and new photographs and testimony, to remind us of the implications of the coming closure of Spitalfields market, and its removal eastward to Temple Mills.

It's moving, not because of traffic congestion or under-use, but because the annual turnover of the fruit and veg wholesalers is worth less than the "million square feet of potential office development right next door to the City of London" which will replace it.

This ancient area outside the city wall has been a market since the 14th century and a centre for the rag trade since the 15th. It is in the geographers' terms, the classic zone of transition where, as everyone knows, the Huguenots, then the Irish, then the Jews and now the Bengalis, have gained their first toehold in the urban economy.

It has always been a place of unlicensed factories in upper rooms, child labour, sweatshops, family solidarity and racial antagonism from outside. It has also been the hugely productive centre where the latest modes are run up for the smartest shops. And of course it houses the Petticoat Lane market, known 400 years ago as Rag Fair, and the market for birds and animals, Club Row. People have been thankful to get into it and glad to get out.

The same streets have always contained dozens of minute businesses supplying or applying the buttons, zips, fixings and trimmings or pressing, pinning and packaging for the wholesale market. What you wear either comes from a chain of subcontractors in places like Spitalfields or from their equivalents in South East Asia.

If you don't like it you should make your own clothes. What you *shouldn't* do is to applaud the elimination of the low-rent workshop economy by the high-rent finance industry that doesn't deal with useful commodities at all, just in money.

The organisers of that little exhibition at the Bishopsgate Institute were right to say that, "The viewer is thus confronted with two versions of the enterprise culture: one of family business and small scale firms, the other of international high finance with computer screens linking the City of London to the money markets of the world."

The left, when in office, used a lot of energy in attempting to eliminate the zone of transition, which represented everything it despised about petty capitalism. The right carelessly wipes it out because low-income enterprises are automatically absurd when property as such is a much better investment. Politically neither side recognises the need for the scruffy, busy workshop economy which depends on cheap premises close to the market.

"The whole industrial economy of Spitalfields," Shaw and Samuel claim, "rests on cheap workrooms: rentals in the new office complex are some eight times greater than they are in the purlieus of Brick Lane, and with the dizzy rise in property values which will flow, accommodation of all kinds, whether for working space or home, will be beyond local people." But who cares?

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3038 Set by E O Parrott
Ireland has inspired more than its fair quota of sentimental songs. We'd like lyrics of sentimental songs about South Africa, Chile, Libya, Albania, Thatcher's Britain, or anywhere similarly inappropriate.

Maximum 16 lines, to be in by 24 August.

No 3035 Set by Russell Lucas
Excerpt from a future hagiography of St Robert Maxwell, with details of mortifications, miracles, martyrdom, location of relics, etc.

Report by Lord Lucan
Buenos Aires
Got back only yesterday from a trip up country pig-sticking to find the comp waiting. And jolly entertaining it was! Certainly makes a change from doing old *Telegraph* crosswords, and I happily whiled away an idle hour judging the entries before lunchington.

I'd string up these newspaper johnnies myself, poking their noses into a chap's private affairs. All part of the nanny British state, if you'll excuse the expression. Ten pounds to the winners. And by the way Mater, another crate of Marmite, please. Nothing but steak here.

St Bob was a small, dapper saint, whose courtly manners charmed all with whom he knelt. He eschewed personal comfort, living in frugal fashion near a delicatessen which sold wild nuts and berries. He sang to the birds. When the occasion of the Casting Out of the Journalists took place, his quiet dignity as he drove out the tabloid rabble from their dens of iniquity was much remarked. His Casting Out of the Stockbrokers, the Bankers and The Inland Revenue were performed with similar serenity.

He seemed to have tapped some well of spiritual perfection; and on that memorable day when God, after much procrastination, converted to Bobbism, the very sky was bright with admiration.

Will Bellenger

While miracles are not necessary to establish sainthood, they are peculiarly abundant in the later years of Robert Maxwell. Most people associate the Burnley Miracles with his handshakes that led the third division team, near relegation, to a recovery leading to the Clarets' gaining the Cup at Wembley.

But there are a succession of Burnley miracles. Chronologically: On the way to the football ground, at the traffic lights in Yorkshire Street, Robert Maxwell patted the head of George James Moor, and aged toothless derelict afflicted with rickets since childhood. At his touch, smile and command: "Read the *Daily Mirror* and follow the truth," there was a loud click. Moor's legs straightened and strengthened, giving him an extra three inches in height; his hair became golden and began cascading in ringlets to his waist, and he grew a new set of teeth in both the upper and lower jaw.

The miracle was witnessed by twelve Sisters of Mercy in the Convent of St Mary's opposite, by Doctor Rutherford the vet, by the licensee and four customers of The Duke of Wellington, by Inspector Darling of the Burnley CID, and by Mrs Hilda Cross, hitherto a lifelong Conservative and reader of the *Daily Express*.

George Moor

Little is known about St Robert's origins save that he grew up in abject poverty in his native Scotland. Once embarked on his chosen career as magnate, however, he began to attract attention through a series of miraculous transmogrifications. On his horse Pergamon, he rode about the country, turning silk purses into sows' ears, gold into base metal, whisky into water and, most memorably, a once-great newspaper into a worthless rag. At the peak of his miracle working he fed a multitude on nothing but pap and humbug.

CHESS

The **Kleinwort Benson British Championships**, played at the Norbreck Castle Hotel in Blackpool, will finish this Saturday. One of the big disappointments of my year came when I was forced to withdraw from the event through various pressures (in particular, an increasingly desperate need to find somewhere to live, in a housing market gone mad—but that's another story). For the British have really blossomed, thanks to sympathetic sponsorship. Chess in this country is still poor enough to be grateful for anyone's money. But a genuine rapport between the sponsors and the players makes things swing along so much more happily. John Brew, Kleinwort Benson's chief representative, has a good understanding of the game, and has even played in some of the events. When he first became associated with the organisation of the British, back in 1978, it scarcely had the status of a true national championship—much as it pains your columnist, champion in 1977, to admit that. Since then it has become a title second only to the Soviet championship. John deserves a share of the credit for this, and his continuing support is appreciated by the competitors.

In my own absence, I would rather like to see Murray Chandler take the title. He deserves it. He has never won the British, but has come so very close several times. Nobody works harder in preparation, nobody puts in more effort at the board. There will be something missing from the handsome championship trophy, Fattorini's great silver crown, until his name is engraved. But winning the British is not easy for anybody, even though Nigel Short made it look a doddle last year. Jonathan Mestel is very determined to repeat his successes of 1976 and 1983, because he knows that nothing less will make his place in the English team safe.

But, of course, the winner need not be English, nor, paradoxically, even British. Commonwealth players are eligible to participate and surely it cannot be long before one of the talented young Indian masters seizes the title. Leading the Indian challenge this year is GM Viswanathan Anand, the notorious speed-merchant who plays at near *blitz* tempo all the time. Anand's instantaneous responses impress the uninitiated. The truth is that any master player can play that quickly, but only those who are playing in a purely competitive and non-creative way would choose to do so. This may seem a strange comment. Doesn't the player who moves quicker than he needs to put himself at a competitive handicap? On the contrary, the real handicap is the perfectionist attempt to see every important variation. The practical competitor just settles for a move that "looks good". Why should he bother to analyse all possible replies? Most of that work will be wasted, because the opponent can only play one move! Up to a point that approach works well enough, but I do hope Anand matures and puts more into his games.

It is also possible to be too creative for your competitive well-being. Julian Hodgson had much the same precocious ability as Nigel Short, but their careers have developed in rather different ways. Hodgson is set on playing in an original style, which is to be applauded. Unfortunately his avoidance of routine means that his results have never quite matched his abilities. The following game, in which an original opening idea lets him down, is one example.

Lalic-Hodgson, Sochi 1987. Modern Benoni.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 c5 3. d5 e6 4. Nc3 exd5. 5. cxd5 Bd6?! A weird move, since the fianchettoed Bishop is usually the pride of the Benoni. Hodgson's notion is that this way it can go via c7 to a5 and meanwhile g6 is available for a Knight (...Nd7-f8-g6). **6. Nf3 Bc7 7. d6** In the 1986 British 1 played 7. g3 here against Julian, which is OK but uninspiring. **Ba5 8. Bg5 Qb6 9. Bxf6 Qxb2 10. Bxg7 Bxc3+ 11. Bxc3 Qxc3+ 12. Nd2 b6 13. Rc1 Qg7** This is an attempt to improve on 13...Qd4, which did not work out well in Eslon-Jacobs, Seville 1986. Since the intended improvement fails it seems that the whole line is dubious. **14. h4! Bb7 15. Rh3 Nc6 16. Re3+ Kf8 17. g3 Re8 18. Kxe8 19. Bg2 h5 20. Nc4 Rh6 21. Qa4 f5 22. Bxc6 Bxc6 Qxa7 f4** Objectively Black is losing, but he still has enough activity for a potential swindle. **24. gxf4 Qg1+ 25. Kd2 Qxf2 26. Qb8+ Kf7 27. Ne5+ Kg7 28. Nd3 Qg3 29. Qxb6 Rxd6 30. Qb2+ Kf7 31. Qe5 Rd5** The Yugoslav master who is playing White now shows very fine judgment in liquidating to a favourable ending. **32. Qe3! Qxe3+ 33. Kxe3 d6 34. Nb4! cxb4 35. Rxc6 Ke6 36. Rb6 Ra5 37. Rxb4 Rxa2 38. Kf3 Ra1 39. Rb5 d5 40. Rb6+ Kf5 41. Rd6 Rf1+ 42. Ke3 Rd1 43. Kf3 Rf1+ 44. Kg3 Rg1+ 45. Kf2 Rh1** But now how is White to win after 46. Rxd5+ Kxf4 47. Rxh5 Rh2+ 48. Ke1 Ke3? Don't be petty in Rook endings! Piece-activity and pawn-quality count for more than material surplus. **46. e3! Kg4 47. Rg6+ Kxh4 48. f5 Rh2+ 49. Kf3 Rh1 50. Kg2 Ra1 51. f6 Ra8 52. f7 Rf8 53. Rg7 d4 54. Exd4 Rg8!** A last dying joke. **55. Kf3! Rf8 56. Kf4 1-0.**

Last week's position (R7/1p4p1/2q4p/1N6/4kP2/6P1/2PPp3/4K3) by V Platov, 1905. White wins: **1. Re8+ Kd5 2. Re6! Qc4 3. Re4! Qc6** Black runs away from the fork that would follow any capture of the Rock. But, by introducing the threat of 5. Re5 mate, White thrusts the Black royalty on a fork anyway. **4. d3! Qg6 5. Re5+ Kc6 6. Re6+! Qxe6 7. Nd4+ & 8. Nxe6.**

George Botterill

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Through the selfless exposure of the sin of vanity by personal example he made powerful enemies and suffered unauthorised biographical scourging. At Luton his fingers were burned and he finally suffered death by a thousand jibes after Lord Gnome cried out: "who will rid me of this corpulent beast?" A phial of his Brylcreem in St Rupert's, Wapping, is said to deliquesce on major feast days.

Peter Norman

Pergamon College, Oxford, is famous for its Chapel of Robert, with its important collection of relics, and its miracles. It is a centre of pilgrimage, being visited by all those who would be filthy rich. There are numerous relics, among which figure one eyebrow, 308 pieces of toenail, 2001 pieces of bone and a square foot of skin from the Saint's rear.

Robert performed many miracles in life, the principal being the resurrection of BPC after his mortification by the Department of Trade, which accused him of unreliability to exercise stewardship of a publicly-quoted company.

He was martyred by two editors who took Mr Murdoch's "who will rid me of this turbulent beast?" literally, and blew him up. (Hence the number of pieces.)

Many miracles are credited to the relics, particularly after kissing eyebrow and skin, which have frequently restored business confidence, encouraged reinflation, and induced liquidity.

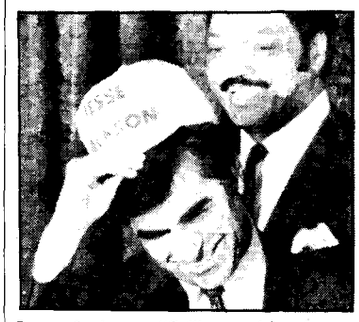
T. Griffiths

IF THE CAP FITS

No 80

An Australian policewoman gets pressed up against Mrs T. as battling protestors hurl abuse during her attempted walkabout in Melbourne. What does a well-brought up Australian say in such a position? All you amateur Miss Manners get going. Entries on a postcard, please, to be in by 19 August. Ten pounds for the lucky winner.

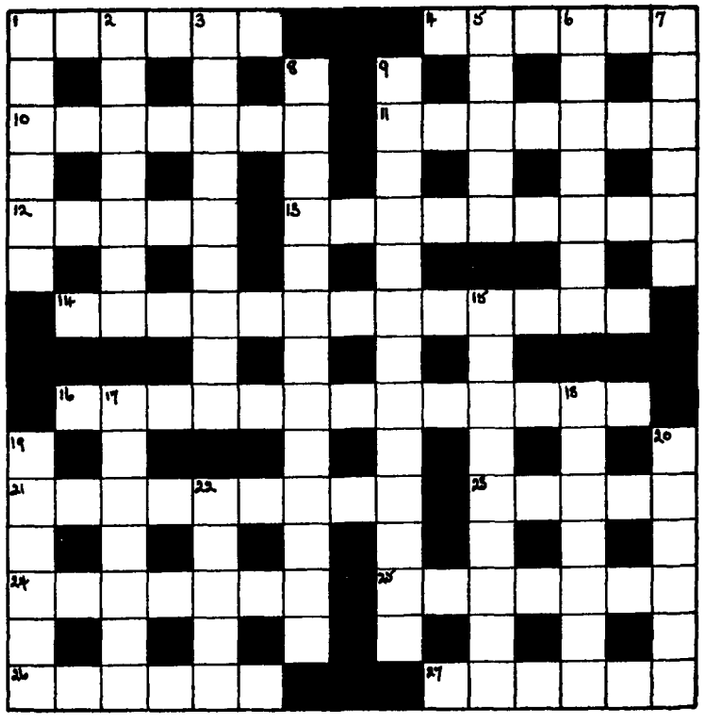
Winner No 78



Jesse Jackson: "Still searching for an identity, Michael?" *(Nick Thomas, Dorset)*

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1604, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 22 August.



Name _____

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Crossword 1604

ACROSS

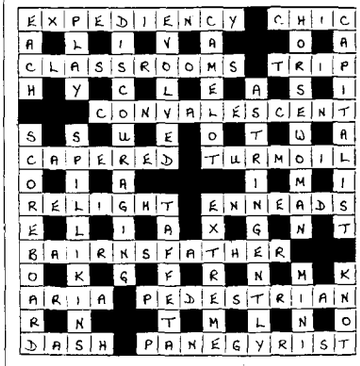
1. Cautious servant of Olivia (6)
4. There is something to be said in points being provided for weapons (6)
10. Colouring which shows old woman has a sign of operation internally (7)
11. Point like a mountain which is a feature of the globe (7)
12. Employing the upper class to entertain (5)
13. Plenty having something to eat at a social occasion (9)
14. A food lover, she gets people to drink (13)
16. Giving attention to study the value of a foreign currency (13)
21. The hotel in the desert possibly provides service (9)
23. Where a beginner goes into the river after one (5)
24. Expression of disapproval during trial in the kitchen (7)
25. Circle over it if the town were in ruins (7)
26. Bands as among females (6)
27. Her wit is so tortuous it makes one react painfully (6)

DOWN

1. Well-known note to an animal with its tail cut off (6)
2. Gallantry I perform behind the vegetation (7)
3. A glance is turned to provide relief (9)
5. Turned and cut (5)
6. Seamen whose vessel is in tatters (7)
7. County vehicle (6)
8. Material minds are disorganised and govern badly (13)
9. Confiscations making one seek an allocation on points (13)
15. One dog discovers another being mixed up about the day of victory (9)
17. Vehicle wrongly takes mob in before you and me (7)
18. Those most closely related live in the home (7)
19. Prepares for publication about a hundred orders (6)
20. My uncomfortable place (6)
22. Bolt or unlock after the French rising (5)

SETSQUARE

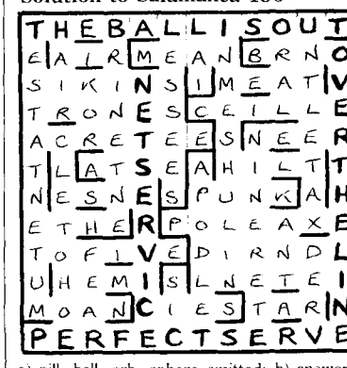
Solution to 1602



Prizewinners to 1602

Walter Gundrey (Alston, Cumbria)
A. L. Parsons (Wellingborough, Northants.)
D. I. Timothy (Barnstaple, N. Devon)

Solution to Salamanca 136



a) pill, ball, orb, sphere omitted: b) answers normal: c) answers ignore bars: d) answers interrupted by rete, net, let, mesh.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 136

D G Tallis (Oxford)
Myra Stokes (Bristol)
Mr J D Cooper (Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

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Diana Eden finds travelling in London something less than a transport of delight

Picture, if you will, a typical south London street scene on a balmy summer's afternoon. Two vehicles—one a car, the other a lorry—arrive, head on, precisely halfway down a narrow residential road. Now, the car driver is one of nature's sweetly dispositioned knights of the urban highway—moreover it's his fiftieth birthday, the sun is a blazing beacon in the sky, he has bunked off early from the office and all happiness is his. He, therefore, instantly reverses, allowing the lorry to advance.

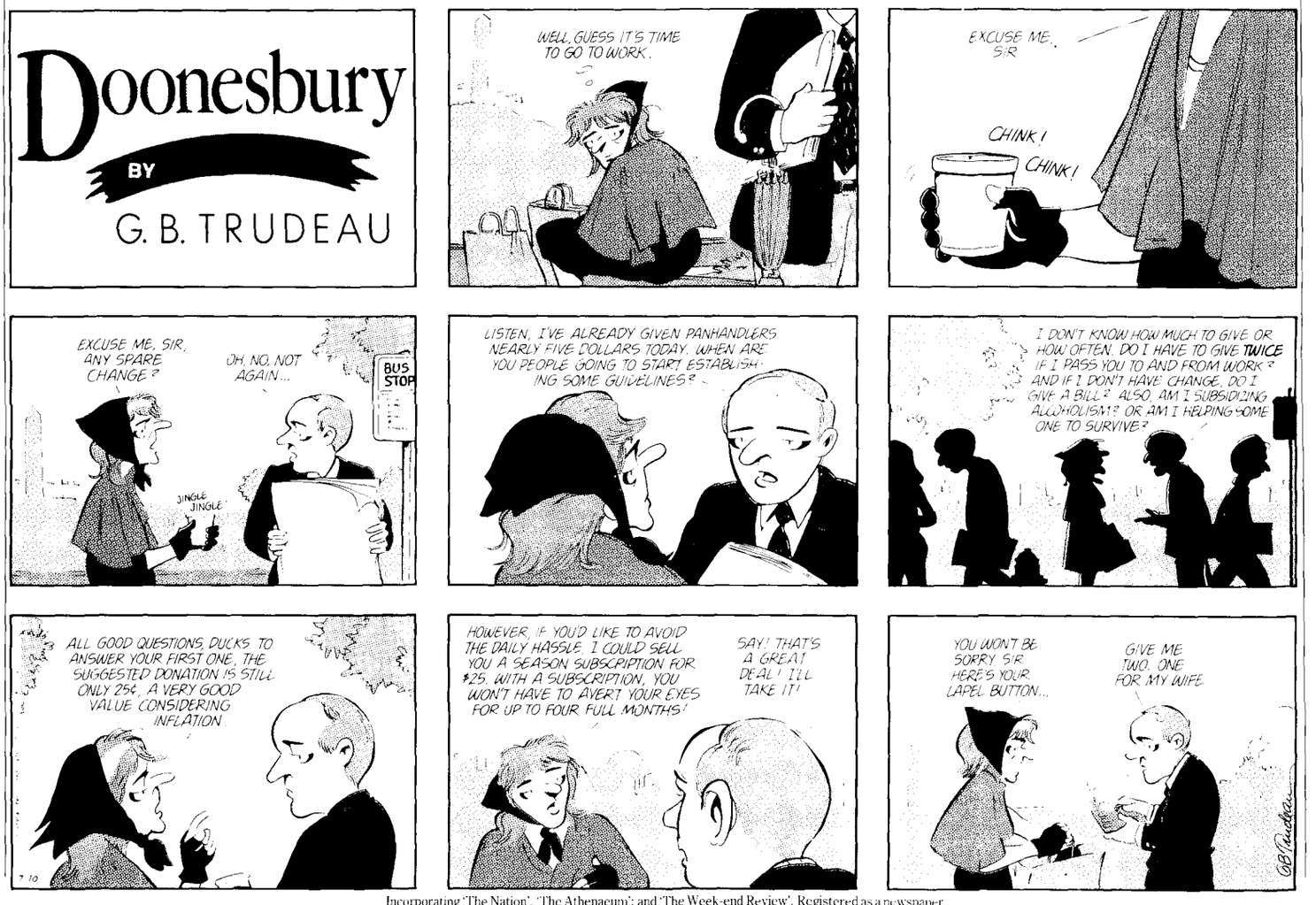
As they pass each other, this saintly man, exuding goodwill, bonhomie and friendship, rolls down his window in order to acknowledge the expected ritual nod of approbation. He glances upwards with a cheery open gaze. He does not glance in vain. In the tradition of all we hold most dear about the etiquette and comradeship of chummy city life, the lorry driver—in an act of gratitude and homage—leans forward from his cab and with an awesome accuracy of aim spits a massive mouthful of lemonade and phlegm into his benefactor's face. Our hero is soaked, astonished and amazed. He is, in point of fact, well and truly gobsmacked.

Ah, Desmond Morris—where are you now that we need you to explain the complex non-verbal communication signals exchanged by motorised man? I have, of course, indulged in literary licence and misled you. That incident was by no means, a typical south London scene. No, indeed, it could—and does—occur in any street of any borough throughout this bustling, brutalised metropolis. My friend Mary, a student nurse in Forest Gate, was bombarded, while cycling home from work, with freely ranging eggs hurled from a passing car whose occupants were apparently unsullied by namby-pamby sentimental feelings towards angels on two wheels.

Another friend reported, in a suitably shaking voice, that on his daily rite of passage through central London, a fellow driver took against something he either had or had not done, drew up at the lights and appeared at his window brandishing a baseball bat—arguably an advisable optional extra in every City slicker's car. A few weeks ago, in neighbouring—but not entirely neighbourly—Lambeth, a debate concerning a precious parking space was resolved with a gun and a minicab driver lying dead upon the road.

These individual episodes, both the petty and the tragic, expand into collective aggression and despair when it comes to public transport. The casualty count among bus crews is well catalogued and constant. And London's rail system, both above and sub the seething streets, is a spiritual descent into Hades. As crowds converge upon the rush hour, shove-squash-push hour platforms, an announcement that a delayed or a non-existent train is caused by a "body on the line" is inevitably greeted by massed groans of irritation or—as was the case at Leicester Square late on Saturday night—by a ribbon-like spread of mounting titters.

There is little defence for the bestiality of crowd behaviour, other than it keeps the police, the medics and the press in a permanent frenzy of employ, but it is a pity that transport chiefs specifically cater for our basic inhumanity by dehumanising travel. I challenge anyone, for instance, to behave unbelligerently, tidily and well while entombed within the slum environs of the Northern Line tube stations—which, for filth, decay and stench, make Bedlam seem as Glyndebourne. When the paying public is treated with contemptuous disregard should we wonder that it behaves contemptibly? As it is, like the much misquoted Johnson most certainly *really* said: "When a man is tired of London he is tired of strife."


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
WELL, GUESS IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK.
EXCUSE ME, SIR
CHINK!
CHINK!
EXCUSE ME, SIR, ANY SPARE CHANGE?
OH, NO, NOT AGAIN...
BUS STOP
JINGLE JINGLE
LISTEN, I'VE ALREADY GIVEN PANHANDLERS NEARLY FIVE DOLLARS TODAY. WHEN ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO START ESTABLISHING SOME GUIDELINES?
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TO GIVE OR HOW OFTEN. DO I HAVE TO GIVE TWICE IF I PASS YOU TO AND FROM WORK? AND IF I DON'T HAVE CHANGE, DO I GIVE A BILL? ALSO, AM I SUBSIDIZING ALCOHOLISM? OR AM I HELPING SOME ONE TO SURVIVE?
ALL GOOD QUESTIONS, DUCKS TO ANSWER YOUR FIRST ONE, THE SUGGESTED DONATION IS STILL ONLY 25¢, A VERY GOOD VALUE CONSIDERING INFLATION
HOWEVER, IF YOU'D LIKE TO AVOID THE DAILY HASSLE, I COULD SELL YOU A SEASON SUBSCRIPTION FOR $25. WITH A SUBSCRIPTION, YOU WON'T HAVE TO AVERT YOUR EYES FOR UP TO FOUR FULL MONTHS!
SAY! THAT'S A GREAT DEAL! I'LL TAKE IT!
YOU WON'T BE SORRY, SIR. HERE'S YOUR LAPEL BUTTON...
GIVE ME TWO. ONE FOR MY WIFE
7 10
GBTrudeau

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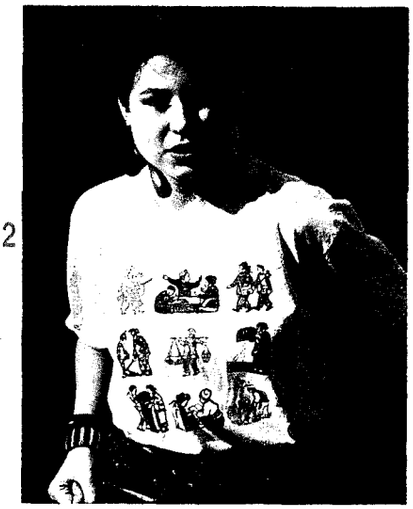
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